



Masters of Earth by Cavan Scott and Mark Wright

THE DOCTOR: COLIN BAKER
Time Lord and traveller.

PERI: NICOLA BRYANT (also **VARGA** voices)
The Doctor's companion – recently returned to his side.

THE DALEKS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS (also **ROBOMAN #3**)
The most evil race in the universe.

MOIRA BRODY:
(40s) Freedom fighter and legend in the making. Inverness accent.

ALAN WEIR:
Self-appointed village magistrate and bully boy. Former ghillie in local estate. Scots accent.

ROSS NICOLASON / ROBOMAN #2:
(20s) Would-be thief. Not the bravest man in the world. Scots accent.

KYLE INSKIP / ROBOMAN ELITE:
(50s) Village mechanic. Scots accent.

CURBISHLEY / ROBOMAN #1:
(30s) Undercover Roboman Elite. English accent.

DIRECTOR: NICHOLAS BRIGGS
SCRIPT EDITOR: ALAN BARNES
PRODUCER: DAVID RICHARDSON
EXECUTIVE PRODUCERS: NICHOLAS BRIGGS & JASON HAIGH-ELLERY

PART ONE

1: INT. VILLAGE HALL

AGITATED MURMURING OF GATHERED VILLAGERS. CHAIRS SCRAPE ON WOOD.

ALAN:

(SHOUTING) Pipe down! I said, pipe down, the lot of you!

BANGS GAVEL REPEATEDLY.

ALAN:

(SHOUTING) Oi!

MURMURS SUBSIDE.

ALAN:

Better. Let's get on with it. Laughlin village council now in session, magistrate Alan Weir presiding. Bring him in!

DOOR AT BACK OPENS. ALAN LED ACROSS CREAKING FLOORBOARDS, 2 x VILLAGERS HOLDING HIS ARMS.

ROSS:

(SCARED) Alan, please... I'm beggin' you –

ALAN:

When I'm in this chair the defendant will address me as Your Honour! – That understood?

ROSS:

Please! I didn't mean to do it!

ALAN:

They all say that. (READING) "On the morning of 22 August, Ross Nicolson was discovered in the residence of Kyle Inskip, purloining items of rationed foodstuffs. When Mr Inskip asked him to leave, he threatened physical violence."

MURMURS.

ALAN:

Thieving from a defenceless old man? Fancy yourself as one of these outlaws, do you? Like that Brody lass?

ROSS:

At least she's doing something to fight back!

ALAN:

That's enough! – You got anything to say in your defence?

ROSS:

I... I was hungry.

VILLAGER:

We're all hungry, pal!

VILLAGERS:

(SHOUTS OF "AYE!")

ALAN:

You know what we do with neds like you? We've got our own law in this village!

VILLAGERS:

(SHOUTS OF "GUILTY!" – BECOMING A CHANT)

ROSS:

(OVER NOISE) I wasn't thinking straight!

DOOR AT BACK OPENS. KYLE HURRIES FORWARD.

KYLE:

What in heaven's name is wrong with you all? (ALOUD) Enough!

SHOUTING CONTINUES.

KYLE:

(RUSHING TO BENCH) Och, gimme that!

GAVEL BANGED ON TABLE AGAIN AND AGAIN.

KYLE:

I said, that's enough!

NOISE SUBSIDES.

ALAN:

Kyle, what d'you think you're doing?

KYLE:

Getting you t'see sense!

ALAN:

Show some respect, I'm the Justice of [the Peace]

KYLE:

You're a self-appointed numpty. Now leave that laddie be!

ROSS:

Mr Inskip. I didn't mean to, I'm so sorry!

KYLE:

I know you are, lad.

ALAN:

You're the man he stole from, Kyle! Don't you want to see him punished?

KYLE:

He's just a wean, I knew his ma.

ALAN:

Yes, and she'd hate to see what he's become!

KYLE:

I've known you a long time too, Alan. You were a good ghillie, but that doesn't give you the right to stand in judgment.

ALAN:

Somebody has to!

KYLE:

Then you're no better than them. We've lost enough this last ten years. Let's keep hold of some values, eh?

ALAN:

(ANGRY) Just what is it you think I'm trying to do?

GAVEL BANGS FOR SILENCE.

ALAN:

Court finds the defendant guilty!

VILLAGERS:

(CHEER, CHANT "GUILTY!" THROUGH:)

ALAN:

Punishment to be carried out immediately!

CROSSFADE TO:

2. EXT HEATH.

TARDIS MATERIALISES. QUICK CROSS-FADE TO...

3: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

LANDING CHIME.

DOCTOR:

Ah! This is it, Peri. That momentary fizz of expectation before the unknown and uncertain become immutable fact.

PERI:

You're saying we've landed?

DOCTOR:

Er. Yes.

PERI:

Then why don't you just say so? – Where are we, anyway?

CONTROLS BEEP.

DOCTOR:

Earth... Western hemisphere. Ah! Scotland. Not far from Inverness.

SCANNER OPENS.

PERI:

Looks... bleak.

DOCTOR:

Bonny Scotland. "Fair flower the gowans in our glens,
The heather on our mountains;/
The blue-bells deck our wizard dens..."

PERI:

Very poetic.

DOCTOR:

You know me, Peri, [always-]

A SHUDDER. CONTROL ROOM SHIFTS.

PERI:

Now what?

BEEPS.

DOCTOR:

It seems the ground beneath us is a little on the boggy side.

PERI:

We're sinking?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't go that far...

ROOM SHUDDERS.

DOCTOR:

Yes. We're sinking. (BEEPS) I'd better relocate us to somewhere
[a little more -]

PERI:

Wait, wait! What's that? - On the scanner!

CROSS TO:

4: EXT. HEATH

MOB OF JEERING VILLAGERS SHOVE ROSS ACROSS THE HEATH: "GUILTY!"

ALAN:

(SHOUTING) Move it!

ROSS:

(SOBBING) I'm sorry... I'm sorry!

ALAN:

Quit your greetin'!

KYLE FOLLOWS, OUT OF BREATH.

KYLE:

Stop this. We're no' savages!

ROSS:

Please!

UP ON THE SHOUTING MOB.

CROSS TO:

5: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM

MOB HEARD VIA SCANNER.

PERI:

What are they doing to that guy?

DOCTOR:

Looks like a lynch mob.

VILLAGERS:

(VIA SCANNER, FAINT CHANTING) Stone him!

PERI:

(DISBELIEVING) No, I think they're going to – I think they're going to stone him!

DOCTOR:

They can't be.

PERI:

I'm going out there.

DOORS OPEN. PERI RUNS OUT.

DOCTOR:

Peri, wait...! Peri –

ROOM SHIFTS AGAIN.

DOCTOR:

Oh, what's the use?

HE FOLLOWS. CONTINUES INTO:

6: EXT. HEATH [CONTINUOUS]

MOB A LITTLE WAY OFF. POLICE BOX LISTS, BOG SQUELCHING AS THE DOCTOR JUMPS OUT.

DOCTOR:

Ugh! This stuff is positively glutinous –

PERI:

Never mind that! Come on! We've got to stop them! (SQUELCHES AWAY)

DOCTOR:

Peri! (FOLLOWING) Please, be careful!

CROSS TO – A LITTLE FURTHER AWAY:

VILLAGERS:

(SHOUTING: "THIEVING SCUMBAG!"; "TEACH HIM A LESSON!")

ALAN:

Teach you to steal food!

KYLE:

Let him be, Alan.

ROSS:

I won't do it again, I promise!

ALAN:

Damn right you won't. Let's get it over with. (TO VILLAGERS)
One stone each. You all know what to do.

VILLAGERS SCRABBLING FOR STONES.

VILLAGERS:

"STONE HIM! STONE HIM!"

ROSS:

Please – you mustn't – (GASPS AS THE FIRST STONE HITS HIM)
Please – (ANOTHER HITS)

PERI:

(RUNNING UP) Stop that! Stop that right now!

ALAN:

Who the devil-?

DOCTOR:

(FOLLOWING, PLACING HIMSELF BEFORE ROSS) You heard the lady!

ALAN:

Out the way, stranger, or you'll get the same.

DOCTOR:

If you want to throw stones, throw them elsewhere!

ALAN:

I give the orders round here!

PERI:

I don't think so!

DOCTOR:

Peri, see if he's all right. — (TO ALAN) You, sir! Did you give the order to stone this boy?

ALAN:

I did, aye!

DOCTOR:

Then explain this barbarism, if you can!

ALAN:

I don't have to! Here, I am the law! I'm keeping the peace!

KYLE:

"The Law". You're jist a common thug!

ALAN:

You can shut it and all, Kyle Inskip!

PERI:

(TO ROSS) Are you okay?

ROSS:

(WINCING) Aye, miss, I'll be alright...

PERI:

That's a nasty cut, we need to get that looked at.

DOCTOR:

(TO ALAN) "The Law", you say. What law did this unfortunate break, to justify such punishment?

ALAN:

Stealing food.

PERI:

I'm not surprised. Just look at him, he's starving!

ALAN:

We all are!

PERI:

(LOOKING AROUND) Well – that's as maybe, but this is the twentieth century, you can't go around stoning people for theft!

ALAN:

The boy has to pay the price!

KYLE:

"Twentieth century"? Did your watch stop, lass?

PERI:

W-what do you mean?

DOCTOR:

Wait. What year is it?

ALAN:

2163. Now – are you going to shift yourself, stranger, or do we stone you too?

DOCTOR:

Twenty-one... Oh no.

ALAN:

You had your warning.

DOCTOR:

Peri, we have to leave.

PERI:

What?

DOCTOR:

I said, we have to leave. Right this instant!

PERI:

We can't just leave this guy –

DOCTOR:

Once we're back in the TARDIS I'll explain everything. But [for now-]

THRUSTERS IN THE SKY OVERHEAD. THE CROWD GASP AND SHOUT.

KYLE:

(SHOUTING) It's a patrol!

PERI:

Is that some kind of – flying saucer?

DOCTOR:

Yes. I strongly suggest we make ourselves scarce.

ALAN:

If you run, you're as good as dead.

PERI:

Doctor, tell me what's going on!

8: EXT. SKY ABOVE HEATH

CHANGE POV. SHUTTLE RETROS FIRE. SAUCER COMING IN TO LAND,
LANDING CLAWS EMERGING WITH A WHINE. CROSS TO:

SC.9. EXT. HEATH

ENGINES FADE TO NOTHING.

ALAN:

Everybody, keep together!

KYLE:

Ross – stay by me, lad.

HATCH OPENS WITH HYDRAULIC HISS, RAMP EXTENDING.

PERI:

Doctor. What's going on? Who's in the saucer?

DOCTOR:

Oh, Peri. I did try to warn you.

4 x ROBOMEN STOMP DOWN RAMP.

PERI:

Those headpieces. Are they... Cybermen? Some sort of Cybermen!

DOCTOR:

Not Cybermen. (BEAT) Robomen. And they're the least of our worries.

ROBOMAN #1:

(TO STOP) Humans will form a line and wait for instructions.

MOB MURMUR IN FEAR, MOVING INTO A LINE.

PERI:

I don't understand.

ROBOMAN #1:

Silence!

ROBOMAN SHOVES PERI FORWARD.

PERI:

Ow!

ROBOMAN #1:

Humans will form a line!

DOCTOR:

Just do as he says, Peri.

PERI:

What did you mean, anyway – “the least of our worries”?

DALEK:

(OFF, AT TOP OF RAMP) Attention, Earthlings!

DALEK GLIDES DOWN RAMP.

PERI:

It can't be –

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid it is.

DALEK:

We require more workers at the oil refinery. Obedience will be rewarded. You will be given shelter and sustenance. Volunteers take one pace forward.

(BEAT)

DALEK:

Forward! Or you will be taken by force.

ALAN:

(SOTTO) Refinery work, eh? Sounds like a job for a thief!
(SHOVES ROSS FORWARD)

ROSS:

(SHOVED) What? – No, please!

ROSS GASPS, SQUELCHING ONTO GROUND.

PERI:

You can't just hand him over to those creatures!

ALAN:

Survival of the fittest, lass.

DOCTOR:

Peri, we can't get involved.

PERI:

Haven't you noticed? We already are! (GOES TO ROSS)

DOCTOR:

(HISSED) Peri. Peri!

PERI:

Here, take my hand.

ROSS:

(GETTING UP) I ... I ... thank you.

ALAN:

Refinery's the best place for that little runt.

PERI:

I've heard more than enough from you.

DALEK:

This female has also volunteered.

PERI:

What? No!

ALAN:

There, that'll teach you. Stickin' your nose in other folks' business!

DALEK:

This male will be the last volunteer.

ALAN:

Who, me? You can't mean –

PERI:

That'll teach you.

DALEK:

These three humans have been selected. Robomen – bring them!

3 x ROBOMEN GRAB PERI, ALAN AND ROSS.

ROBOMAN #1:

You will come with us.

ALAN:

You don't understand. I'm the head man round here! I'm the boss!

PERI:

Get off! – Doctor! Doctor, help us!

DALEK:

Secure them and prepare for lift off.

AS PERI, ALAN AND ROSS ARE MARCHED UP RAMP:

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING FORWARD) That's far enough, Dalek!

BEAT. MENACING WHIRR.

DALEK:

Who was that? Who spoke?

DOCTOR:

I did!

KYLE:

(HISSED) You fool, you're only gonna get yourself killed!

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Please, Mr Inskip. I know these Daleks of old, I know exactly what to expect.

KYLE:

Is that so? Well, you won't be expectin' this-!

CRACK! DOCTOR KNOCKED UNCONSCIOUS. HARD CUT TO:

10: EXT. HEATH (FEW MINUTES LATER)

DOCTOR WAKES WITH INTAKE OF BREATH.

DOCTOR:

Peri!

KYLE:

She's not here.

THEY'RE ALONE.

DOCTOR:

What? (REALISATION) The Daleks. The shuttle. They've gone!

KYLE:

Aye, back to the refinery. Here, let me help you up.

DOCTOR:

(GETTING UP) No thank you. I don't need any more of your kind of help – How long was I out?

KYLE:

Couple a minutes. Only took the three of them, must have had a full quota.

DOCTOR:

(SIGH) You know, Mr Inskip, if you hadn't taken it upon yourself to lamp me on the jaw, I [could have –]

KYLE:

Stopped them? You reckon? And how would you have done that, exactly – bein' deid, and all?

DOCTOR:

Hmmm... Perhaps. No sense in recriminations, I suppose. – This refinery, where is it exactly?

KYLE:

About fifteen mile across country, that way. – Don't say you're thinking of goin' there!

DOCTOR:

I need to get my young friend out of there.

KYLE:

Aye, well, good luck with that. You'll be needin' it.

DOCTOR:

I have my means. (TURNING) Well. Goodbye then, Mr Inskip.
(FOLLOW HIM A COUPLE OF STEPS AWAY) Sorry to run out on you,
but — (FREEZES)

BUBBLING, SQUELCHING SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.

KYLE:

(CALLING) I told you, refinery's that way. North and east!

DOCTOR:

(TARDIS HAS GONE) My TARDIS! Where— ?

KYLE:

(COMING OVER) Problem?

DOCTOR:

That's one way of putting it. (TO HIMSELF) Sunk right into the
bog, old girl.

KYLE:

Who the devil are you talkin' to now?

DOCTOR:

(RESIGNED) Nobody, Mr Inskip. Nobody.

MOURNFUL PLOP FROM BOG.

11: INT. DALEK SHUTTLE – HOLDING BAY

BACKGROUND HUM. ENGINES IN FLIGHT.

3 x ROBOMEN MARCH PERI, ALAN AND ROSS IN. DALEK GLIDES BEHIND.

ROBOMAN #1:

Move.

PERI:

Aow! – Mind out, Boris Karloff. You're breaking my wrist!

DALEK:

Secure them with the other slave workers.

ALL x 3 MARCHED TO SQUARED PILLAR.

ROSS:

S-slaves?

MOIRA:

That'll be us, hen. Och, don't say you volunteered-!

ALL x 3 SLAMMED AGAINST 3 x SIDES OF PILLAR. MOIRA IS SECURED TO THE FOURTH.

PERI:

Oof! – Not exactly.

MOIRA:

Fresh meat for the grinder, that's all we are. Still – the more the merrier, I suppose.

ALAN:

Speak for yourself.

DALEK:

Slave workers will be silent! – (TO ROBOMEN) Activate neck restraints.

HUM OF NECK RESTRAINTS EMERGING FROM WALL. CLICKING INTO PLACE. PERI, ALAN, ROSS ALL GASP, SLIGHTLY CHOKED.

ROBOMAN #1:

Neck restraints in position.

ALAN:

Trying to choke us?

MOIRA:

Way I heard it, these things used to have sharp edges. That's until the Daleks realised their 'volunteers' were cuttin' their own throats on 'em, rather than endure another day's hard labour.

PERI:

Great.

DALEK:

Remain silent! – Robomen, return to your duties.

ROBOMAN #1:

We obey.

DALEK AND 3 x ROBOMEN LEAVE, DOORS SLIDING SHUT BEHIND.

PERI:

(CALLING AFTER) What, are just going to leave us here?

ALAN:

This is all your fault, woman. You and your idiot friend, sticking your noses in!

PERI:

Oh, grow up. – Ross? You OK round there?

ROSS:

(NOT OK) I'm fine...

MOIRA:

Funny, that – he sounds scared half to death.

ALAN:

You can shut it, and all!

MOIRA:

Just makin' conversation. The rest of them here don't talk much. Apart from sayin' their prayers. I'm Moira, by the way.

PERI:

Hi, I'm Peri. (LAUGHS)

ALAN:

Something funny?

PERI:

Introducing myself like I'm at a party.

MOIRA:

Keep hold of that. Keeps us human. – You're American!

ALAN:

Keep it up, ladies. Och, this is scintillatin' stuff!

PERI:

(TO MOIRA) I'm a... traveller, I suppose.

ALAN:

(CONTEMPT) A tourist!

MOIRA:

And you were stuck here when the Daleks came?

PERI:

No, me and the Doctor only just arr-[ived] (STOPS SELF) Oh, it doesn't matter. – What are they doing here, do you know?

MOIRA:

In Scotland? Guess it's the oil, hen. It always is.

PERI:

No, no, I mean – what are they doing here on Earth? (MORE TO SELF) They look kind of different...

ROSS:

What do?

PERI:

The Daleks.

MOIRA:

Different to what?

PERI:

The Daleks on Necros. I don't know, they seem more primitive, somehow. And what's with the satellite dishes on their backs? I'm guessing it isn't to get the sports channels.

ALAN:

They're just Daleks.

MOIRA:

Hold on. (REALISATION; TO PERI) "What are the Daleks doing here on Earth?" – that's what you said. What did you mean, "here on Earth"?

PERI:

Look, I said it doesn't matter. But trust me, me and the Daleks go way back...

MOIRA:

What, to another planet?

ROSS:

Like in space?

PERI:

Yep. Like in space.

ALAN:

(SNORTS) Ha!

ROSS:

How's that even possible?

PERI:

Long story.

MOIRA:

We're not going anywhere, are we [now?]

ENGINES CHANGE PITCH, BEGINNING DESCENT. TANNOY HISSES INTO LIFE.

DALEK:

(TANNOY DISTORT) Sixty rels to landing. Prepare to disembark slave workers.

PERI:

Guess we're at the refinery already.

ROSS:

Moira? Have you been in there? Do you know what it's like?

MOIRA:

No, son. There's no-one been in has ever come out. – Well, not unless they've been made into a Roboman, of course...

12: EXT. INSKIP HOME

2 X FOOTSTEPS APPROACH, STOPPING ON DRIVEWAY.

DOCTOR:

My, that's a fine looking motorbike propped up in your drive, Mr Inskip.

KYLE:

Aye, my pride and joy. Do you ride?

DOCTOR:

I've been known to, in my youth. (BEAT) The Daleks let you come and go in the village as you please?

KYLE:

Pretty much. Lived in Laughlin all my life. Some of the lassies do laundry. I'm a mechanic by trade, fix up vehicles for 'em. (WALKING TO DOOR; SLIGHTLY OFF) Do as we're told, they leave us alone.

DOCTOR:

For now.

KYLE UNLOCKS FRONT DOOR.

KYLE:

Mebbe. – Straight up the lane, then, and north and east at the reservoir.

DOCTOR:

Um, you may be able to help me, Mr Inskip.

KYLE:

I thought you didn't need my kind of help?

DOCTOR:

Yes, well – my, ah, transport is currently off the road.

KYLE:

Oh, and you want me to look at it...?

DOCTOR:

Most kind, but no. I was wondering if you might let me borrow your bike...?

KYLE:

No chance! Only old Kyle gets on that beastie.

DOCTOR:

I see. (SIGHS, WEARY) Look, may I come in? It's been a trying morning.

KYLE:

Aye, I suppose.

THEY GO INTO HOUSE. CONTINUES INTO:

13: INT. INSKIP HOME – HALLWAY/KITCHEN [CONTINUOUS]

DOOR SHUT BEHIND. JINGLE AS KYLE DROPS KEYS IN POT BY DOOR. AS THEY WALK THROUGH TO KITCHEN:

DOCTOR:

You must keep your ear to the ground in the village. Are there any weaknesses in security at the refinery, that you know of?

KYLE:

Having a laugh, aren't you?

DOCTOR:

I've never been more serious.

STOPPING IN KITCHEN.

KYLE:

Persistent, I'll give you that. (PICKING UP BOTTLE) – A wee dram, for your journey?

DOCTOR:

Ah, no thank you. But don't let me stop you.

GLASS CLINKS, STOPPER PULLED, MEASURE POURED, THROUGH:

KYLE:

I shan't force you. It's me last bottle of the good stuff, this. Once it's gone... Och, well. *Slainte*.

KYLE DRINKS

DOCTOR:

Indeed. *Slainte*. (BEAT) Now, about that refinery...

KYLE:

Well, why would I be knowing anything about that? I fix things, keep my head down, try to survive.

DOCTOR:

Admirable policy. What are we, ten years into Dalek occupation?

KYLE:

Meteorite bombardments came in... when was it, '52? Then came the sickness. Crosses on doors and 'Bring out your dead.' Daleks rode in six months later, like the Horsemen of the Apocalypse.

DOCTOR:

Standard Dalek invasion strategy. Weaken, divide, conquer.

KYLE:

There's resistance. The odd patrol brought down. Nothing to make any difference.

DOCTOR:

You'd be suprised. (BEAT) The refinery. You must know something.

KYLE:

Place is tight as a drum. The Daleks are sucking the life out of the Scotland, stripping the land like-

DOCTOR:

I know what the Daleks are doing.

KYLE:

Plenty go in. No-one comes out.

DOCTOR:

We'll see about that.

KYLE:

You're on a hiding to nothing, man!

DOCTOR:

Frequently. But that never seems to stop me. (TURNING) My thanks, Mr Inskip. I shan't take up any more of your time.

DOCTOR WALKS DOWN HALLWAY.

KYLE

Suit yourself.

DOCTOR OPENS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) I'll see myself out.

KYLE:

Suit yourself!

DOCTOR EXITS, CLOSING DOOR LOUDLY.

KYLE:

(TO HIMSELF) Hiding to nothing. – Still: *Slainte*.

MOTORBIKE ENGINE STARTS UP OUTSIDE.

KYLE:

What the-?! My keys!

CROSS TO:

14: EXT. INSKIP HOME

MOTORBIKE ENGINE GUNS, ACCELERATING AWAY AS THE HOUSE DOOR OPENS.

KYLE:

Hey! My bike!

BIKE ROARS AWAY.

15: EXT. REFINERY

INDUSTRIAL SOUNDS. HEAVY MACHINERY, HISSING PIPES, CLANG OF TOOLS. SHUTTLE RAMP LOWERS, HATCH OPENS.

DALEK:

Move forward!

2 x ROBOMEN MARCH FORWARD AHEAD OF PERI, ALAN, MOIRA, ROSS & 4 x OTHER SLAVES, FOLLOWED BY A DALEK. MOVING ON THROUGH:

PERI:

This place looks like hell.

ALAN:

You got that right.

MOIRA:

The Daleks push the workers to the point of death, because if they die... well, there are always more to be had.

ALAN:

Sounds like every boss there's ever been.

ROSS:

What are they doing here? What do they even want?

PERI:

The Doctor knew to expect them here, on Earth, now. He must know what they're up to.

MOIRA:

Know a lot about the Daleks, this Doctor of yours?

PERI:

More than anyone else in the universe, I should [think.]

DALEK:

(BEHIND) Halt!

ALL STOP.

DALEK:

Robomen will assign slave workers to work details.

ROBOMAN #1:

We obey.

DALEK:

These four will be held for physical assessment.

PERI:

Why aren't we being assigned to a work detail?

SWIVEL.

DALEK:

Do not question the Daleks!

PERI:

I wouldn't dream of it.

DALEK:

Move!

OTHER SLAVES MOVED AWAY BY ROBOMEN. PERI, ALAN, ROSS AND MOIRA MOVED IN THE OTHER DIRECTION.

ALAN:

You need to learn to keep that geggy shut, little lady.

PERI:

Like that'll ever happen.

16: EXT. REFINERY

A LITTLE DISTANCE FROM REFINERY. MOTORBIKE APPROACHES. ENGINE SPLUTTERS. BIKE COUGHS TO A HALT.

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Ah. Well, I suppose I was lucky there was fuel in the tank to start with.

DOCTOR DISMOUNTS.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Mr Inskip, I'll be sure to return this transport of delight at the first opportunity.

TAKES A BREATH.

DOCTOR:

Shanks's pony it is then, Doctor.

BEGINS TO WALK.

17: INT. REFINERY – CELL

OUTSIDE, INDUSTRIAL SOUNDS CAN BE HEARD.

ROSS:

Why are they keeping us here? What does “physical assessment” mean?

ALAN:

Be thankful we’re not out there with the others, up to your heid in industrial sludge.

MOIRA:

They’ll be wanting to make sure we’re of hardy Scottish stock before they put us to work.

ALAN:

You seem to know a lot about it?

MOIRA:

Just a guess. Take a cross-section of your workers, make sure they’re up to it.

ALAN:

You really think the Daleks care about our welfare?

PERI:

The Daleks may be cruel, but they’re not stupid. Moira’s right.

MOIRA:

Thanks. (MOVES TO SIT NEXT TO PERI) So, you and the Doctor came across the Daleks on... Necros, you said?

PERI:

It’s hard to believe, I know. You see, the Doctor has a ship. A very special ship.

ROSS:

And the Daleks are out there, in space? Conquering other worlds?

PERI:

They never stop.

MOIRA:

And that’s what your Doctor does – fight them?

PERI:

Whenever he meets them, yeah.

ALAN:

He was keeping well out of the way back there, in the village.

PERI:

I know. It's weird. This time, he seemed... oh, I don't know.

ALAN:

Scared?

PERI:

No!

ROSS:

He wasn't scared to take you on, Alan Weir!

ALAN:

(AMUSED) Oh! Found your backbone, have ye, thief? – Come on, then, wee man, I'll take you on.

PERI:

Leave him alone!

ALAN:

I suppose your Doctor will be coming to rescue us all by hisself? Our knight in multi-coloured armour?

PERI:

I'd like to think so! – Although... we were apart for a long time, until recently. Maybe he's changed more than I thought.

MOIRA GETS UP.

ALAN:

Where are you off to, now?

FOOTSTEPS ACROSS THE CELL.

PERI:

Moira?

FIST BANGS ON METAL DOOR.

MOIRA:

You out there! Robomen!

PERI:

What are you doing?

PERI GETS UP.

MOIRA:

I have information!

ALAN:

(LAUGHING) She's selling you out!

PERI:

(CROSSING TO MOIRA) Moira? Why are you doing this? Moira!

PERI STRUGGLES WITH MOIRA, TRYING TO WRESTLE HER BACK. MOIRA'S FIST HAMMERS ON METAL.

MOIRA:

You awake out there? I said, I have information!

PERI:

Moira, please!

18. EXT. REFINERY.

DISTANT REFINERY, CLANKING AND HISSING. KLAXON SOUNDS.

DALEK (TANNOY):

Refinery output has fallen by two-point-seven percent. All work details must increase productivity immediately or workers will be punished. Obey your masters!

FOOTSTEPS MOVE TO FENCE, SWISHING THROUGH GRASS.

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) 'Obey your masters'. Some things never change.

PULLS AT FENCE. METALLIC RATTLE.

DOCTOR:

(TO SELF) Can't say I much fancy the ten-metre barbed wire fence. The front door it is, then...

MOVES AWAY...

19: INT. REFINERY – CELL

FIST ON METAL. PERI STRUGGLING WITH MOIRA.

MOIRA:

Come on! I have information for you!

PERI:

Moira, you mustn't!

ALAN:

(LAUGHS IN BACKGROUND) Every man for himself.

BOLTS RELEASED OUTSIDE.

ROSS:

It's too late!

PERI:

Why are you doing this?

DOOR GRINDS OPEN.

MOIRA:

Get back!

PERI:

So you can sell us out?

MOIRA:

Just do it!

THEY MOVE BACK. ROBOMAN SHUFFLES INTO CELL.

ROBOMAN #1:

What do you want?

MOIRA:

I have something to tell you.

ROBOMAN #1:

You will report it to me.

MOIRA:

Come closer.

ROBOMAN SHUFFLES FORWARD.

ROBOMAN #1:

Report.

MOIRA:

Report *this*, Jimmy!

WITH A GRUNT, MOIRA TACKLES ROBOMAN.

ROBOMAN #1:

(STRUGGLING) Desist. Workers are forbidden to attack Robomen.

MOIRA:

Get his rifle! – Peri!!!

PERI:

Got it! – Ross, watch the door.

ROBOMAN #1:

(RESTRAINED. INTO HELMET MIC) Emergency. Emergency. Prisoners escaping.

PERI:

Are you gonna sit there and watch?

ALAN:

I'm just enjoying the show, hen.

ROBOMAN PUSHES PERI ASIDE. SHE GOES DOWN WITH A GASP. RIFLE CLATTERS AWAY.

ROSS:

Peri!

PERI:

It's alright, I'm o- [kay] (GASPS, THROTTLED BY ROBOMAN)

ROBOMAN #1:

Forbidden... to... attack...!

MOIRA:

The rifle, Alan! Get the rifle!

ALAN:

Are you soft in the heid? They'll hear!

PERI:

(STRANGLING NOISES)

MOIRA:

She's being strangled!

ROSS:

(LEAPING FORWARD) No! (EFFORT AS HE PULLS AT THE ROBOMAN'S HELMET)

ROBOMAN HELMET ERUPTS IN SPARKS.

ROBOMAN #1:

AAAaaaargh.

ROBOMAN CRASHES TO GROUND.

PERI:

(GASPING, RECOVERING) Thank... thank you, Ross...!

ALAN:

Well, well, well. What did you do there, then?

ROSS:

Wire on his helmet looked important. So I, um, ripped it out.

MOIRA:

Must have shorted out the control circuit or something. Smart.

ALAN:

Lucky, more like.

PERI:

(TO MOIRA) You weren't selling us out, Moira?

MOIRA:

Needed a way out. This Doctor of yours could be just the fella we need to lead the fight against the Daleks.

PERI:

I hope so. — C'mon, let's go. It won't take long for the Daleks to figure out what's happened.

MOIRA COLLECTS RIFLE.

MOIRA:

At least we've got a weapon now.

ALAN:

Good luck with that pop gun against a squad of Daleks.

ROSS:

You're not thinking of staying here?

ALAN:

Why not? Might sit and wait for this famous Doctor to turn up. Better than gettin' killed as an escaped prisoner.

MOIRA:

They'll only kill you for not stopping us escape.

ALAN:

You reckon-?

ROSS:

Oh aye.

PERI:

Your choice, Alan.

ALAN:

Well, since you put it like that...

MOIRA:

Come on!

ALL EXIT.

20: EXT. REFINERY – MAIN GATE

REFINERY SOUNDS, AS BEFORE. THE DOCTOR APPROACHES. TWO RIFLES COCK.

ROBOMAN #2:

Halt.

DOCTOR:

(MOCK SURPRISE) Oh! What a fine-looking pair of Robomen you are.

ROBOMAN #2:

Do not move.

DOCTOR:

You've nothing to worry about, gentlemen. I'm an escaped prisoner.

ROBOMAN #2:

Explain.

DOCTOR:

Only – curses! – now you've caught me. Look, my hands are up..

21: EXT. REFINERY

REFINERY SOUNDS, AS BEFORE. A LITTLE WAY AWAY, TWO ROBOMEN LEAD A WORK PARTY ACROSS. WE HEAR THEIR SHUFFLING FOOTSTEPS AND COUGHING.

ROBOMAN #3:

Work detail beta will keep moving.

CRACK OF WHIP. WOMAN CRIES OUT IN PAIN.

ROBOMAN #3:

Move!

WHIPCRACK. WORK DETAIL MOVES ON. FROM HIDING:

PERI:

(SOTTO) Coast's clear.

ALAN:

(SOTTO) Not for long.

MOIRA:

(SOTTO) There's plenty of cover. If we're careful and move quickly, we should be all right.

PERI:

(SOTTO) Watch for those security cameras. Ross, you up to this?

ROSS:

(SOTTO) Aye, think so.

MOIRA:

(SOTTO) Make for the next storage tank. (BEAT) Move!

22: EXT. REFINERY

AS BEFORE. THE DOCTOR PLUS 2 x ROBOMEN MOVE ACROSS THE COMPLEX.

DOCTOR:

I must say, your masters really have been terribly busy, haven't they? All very industrious. – Not that the Daleks themselves lifted so much as a sucker in building this complex, [of course]

ROBOMAN #2:

Prisoner will remain silent.

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, I was just admiring your fellow slaves' [handiwork.]

DALEK #1:

(GLIDES FORWARD) Halt.

DOCTOR:

Oh. I was wondering when we might bump into one of you.

DALEK #1:

Where are you taking this human?

ROBOMAN #2:

He is an escaped slave. He must be processed.

DALEK #1:

There has been no report of an escape. Humans cannot escape the Daleks.

KLAXON BURSTS INTO LIFE.

TANNOY DALEK:

Alert. Alert. Human workers have escaped and are at liberty within the complex. All Daleks and Robomen to full alert!

DOCTOR:

(SOFTLY) Well, there's a turn-up. (CLEARING THROAT, SIDLES OFF)

DALEK #1:

Alert! Alert! Prisoners have escaped! (SWIVEL) Destroy escaped prisoner! (TO ROBOMAN) Where is the escaped prisoner?

ROBOMAN #2:

(SLOW) I... do not know...

DALEK #1:

Escaped prisoner has escaped! Seek, locate, destroy!

CROSS TO:

23: EXT. REFINERY

ALERT KLAXONS CONTINUE. ECHOING AROUND THE REFINERY: DALEK CRIES OF "ALERT! ALERT!"; "SEEK, LOCATE, DESTROY." 4 x RUNNING FOOTSTEPS COME TO HALT.

ALAN:

Didn't last long!

ROSS:

They're going to find us!

MOIRA:

If we can get to one of the transport trucks, we can smash our way through the main gates.

ALAN:

You're cracked!

PERI:

Got a better idea?

(BEAT)

PERI:

Didn't think so.

LUMBERING FOOTSTEPS FROM OFF.

ROSS:

Roboman!

ROBOMAN #3:

Halt!

PERI:

Back!

RIFLE COCKED.

ALAN:

Shoot it! Moira! Shoot it!!!

GUNSHOT. CROSS TO:

24: EXT. REFINERY

TANNOY DALEK:

Gunfire detected in sector 4. Robomen will investigate.

ROBOMAN #2:

We obey.

PLATOON OF ROBOMEN STOMP OFF. CROSS BACK TO:

25: EXT. REFINERY

PERI:

That was close.

MOIRA:

Learned how to shoot on my Dad's farm. Never thought I'd be shooting people.

ALAN:

Been a long time since that poor fella was a person.

ROSS:

Enough with the chit-chat, there'll be Daleks crawling all over this area!

ALAN:

"Crawling"?

PERI:

Ross is right. We have to move!

THEY'RE ABOUT TO MOVE WHEN:

DOCTOR:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Excellent advice.

RIFLE COCKED.

MOIRA:

Who the- [hell]

PERI:

It's alright, don't shoot! – Doctor. Am I glad to see you.

DOCTOR:

Likewise.

PERI:

Doctor, this is-

DOCTOR:

Time for introductions later. Right now, gunfire will just advertise our location. We need to get away.

MOIRA:

We're making for the transport bay. Reckon we can rob a truck.

DOCTOR:

A sound plan.

PERI:

Thought this wasn't our fight?

DOCTOR:

Later. Well, you all seem to know what you're doing. After you!

26: EXT. REFINERY

AS BEFORE, BUT AS IF ABOVE THE COMPLEX — ADDING RUNNING BOOT-
STEPS, ALERT KLAXONS, SECURITY ALERTS SQUAWKING OVER THE PA.

TANNOY DALEK:

Escaped prisoners now sighted in sector 3. Seek, locate
destroy!

27: EXT. REFINERY

ALERT KLAXONS AUDIBLE BUT DISTANT, AN OCCASIONAL "SEEK, LOCATE, DESTROY" IN THE BACKGROUND. DOCTOR'S PARTY RUNS TO HALT.

DOCTOR:

Good work, everyone.

MOIRA:

Transport bay's just up ahead.

PERI:

We made it!

ALAN:

Not yet we haven't.

PERI:

Ever the optimist.

ROSS:

(BREATHLESS) Don't think I can go on.

DOCTOR:

Of course you can.

PERI:

Ross. Look at me. Take a deep breath.

HE DOES.

PERI:

That's good. Look across the bay, what do you see?

ROSS:

Trucks.

PERI:

That's where we need to get to. Then we're safe.

DOCTOR:

Alan and Rifle Lady – I'm sorry, I didn't catch your name –

MOIRA:

Moira.

DOCTOR:

Alan and Rifle Lady, you two make for the first truck, get it started.

ALAN:

So they can shoot us while you leg it?

MOIRA:

So we're less of a target, you numpty. Fella's talkin' sense.

DOCTOR:

We'll be right behind you.

MOIRA:

Right. Come on.

MOIRA AND ALAN RUN.

DOCTOR:

Such charming company you've been keeping, Peri. — How are we doing, Ross?

ROSS:

I'll be fine.

PERI:

They're nearly at the truck!

CROSS TO:

28: EXT. REFINERY – TRANSPORT BAY

MOIRA AND ALAN RUN UP.

ALAN:

This is too easy.

MOIRA:

Don't knock it.

ALAN:

Place should be brutal with Daleks.

MOIRA:

Get the truck started. I'll cover you.

ALAN:

(CLIMBING ONTO FOOTPLATE) Time was, I gave the orders. When was that? Three, four hours back?

MOIRA:

Get on with it!

TRUCK DOOR OPENED, ALAN HEAVES HIMSELF INTO THE CAB.

29: EXT. REFINERY

TRUCK ENGINE GUNS IN DISTANCE.

ROSS:

They made it!

PERI:

What did I tell you?

ROSS:

We're gonna make it, aren't we?

DOCTOR:

Yes we are! Ready? Now – [DOESN'T SAY "RUN"]

KLAXON UP LOUD IN BAY, BLARING.

TANNOY DALEK:

Prisoners located! All Daleks and Robomen converge on ancillary transport bay!

PERI:

They've found us!

DOCTOR:

Eyes on the truck. Don't look back! RUN!!!

THEY RUN. DALEKS APPROACHING FROM OFF.

DALEK #1:

Prisoners located.

DALEK #2:

Halt! Halt!

CROSS TO:

30: INT. TRUCK CAB

MOIRA AND ALAN'S POV. ENGINE TICKS OVER. ALAN LEANS OUT.

ALAN:

Daleks! They don't stand a chance.

MOIRA:

Keep that engine running!

MOIRA COCKS RIFLE.

ALAN:

What are you doing? You mad, hen?

MOIRA:

Giving them a fighting chance.

FIRES INTO THE ADVANCING DALEKS. CROSS TO:

31: EXT REFINERY – TRANSPORT BAY

PING OF BULLETS OFF DALEK CASING. THEY TRUNDLE FORWARD.

DALEK #1:
Under attack!

DALEK #2:
Fugitives are armed. They must be neutralized!

CROSS TO PERI, ROSS, DOCTOR RUNNING:

PERI:
They're right behind us!

DOCTOR:
Just don't stop!

MOIRA:
(DISTANT) Nearly there! Come on!

ROSS:
(STUMBLING) I can't-

PERI:
(PICKING HIM UP) Yes you can! – Doctor, come on!

DOCTOR:
Go, I'm right behind [you]

DALEKS RIGHT BEHIND THEM NOW:

DALEK #1:
Fugitives in range!

DALEK #2:
Kill them!

DALEK FIRES. DOCTOR CRIES OUT (ACTUALLY SHAMMING BEING BLASTED IN LEGS).

PERI:
Doctor!!!

END OF PART ONE

PART TWO

REPRISE:

DALEK #1:

Fugitives in range!

DALEK #2:

Exterminate!

DALEK FIRES. DOCTOR CRIES OUT (ACTUALLY SHAMMING BEING BLASTED IN LEGS).

PERI:

Doctor!!!

SCENE CONTINUES:

32: EXT. REFINERY [CONTINUOUS]

KLAXONS AND ALERTS. TRUCK ENGINE IDLING A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.
2 x DALEKS GLIDE TO HALT.

DALEK:

Escaped workers will surrender.

PERI:

You killed him!

DALEK:

Stand. Stand...!

PERI:

You shot him in the back, and you killed him...!

DOCTOR:

(WINCING) They didn't, you know.

PERI:

Doctor!?!

ROSS:

He's alright!

DOCTOR:

Easy for you to say, with both your legs working.

ROSS:

They shot your legs?

DOCTOR:

I appear to have been brought down by a glancing shot about the kneecaps. The paralysis will be only temporary. I hope.

DALEK:

Escaped worker will stand.

TRUCK ENGINE GUNS IN THE BACKGROUND.

DOCTOR:

(SHOW OF EFFORT) As you can see, that might prove difficult.

DALEK:

Stand... or die!!!

PERI:

Don't you understand, he can't!

DALEK:

Move aside, or you will be exterminated!

DOCTOR:

Do as it says, Peri. Move aside. – You stupid woman, move!

TRUCK CLOSER...

ROSS:

(REALISATION) Peri...! (HISSED) Behind you...!

PERI:

What-?

DOCTOR:

He said, BEHIND YOU!!!

ROSS:

(TO PERI) Move!!!

ALAN:

(FROM TRUCK) Outta the way there!!!

2 x DALEKS SWIVEL TO FACE TRUCK...

DALEK:

Alert! Alert! Extermin-[ate]

TRUCK ENGINE ON TOP OF THEM. 2 x DALEK SQUAWKS, SMASHED TO PIECES BY THE TRUCK. BRAKES SQUEAL. DOOR OPENS.

MOIRA:

(FROM TRUCK) Get on the back!

ROSS:

You'll have to help us with the Doctor!

PERI:

He can't walk!

DOCTOR:

(GETTING UP) He can, you know.

ROSS:

You were shamming-?!

DOCTOR:

You were right, Ross, we'd never have made it across the bay. The Daleks' near-miss afforded the opportunity to distract them from the oncoming truck. A cheap deception, I admit, but desperate times call for desperate—

PERI SLAPS HIM ACROSS THE FACE.

DOCTOR:

Aow!

PERI:

This "stupid woman" says never try a stunt like that ever again!

ROSS:

You hit him!

DOCTOR:

(WINCING) Smack in the kisser, as I believe the local vernacular has it...

6 x ROBOMEN CLOMPING UP 25 FEET AWAY, FOLLOWED BY DALEK.

DALEK #3:

(DISTANT) Robomen! Capture those prisoners!

DOCTOR:

Oh dear.

MOIRA:

Get on the back, all of you! I'll keep you covered –

AS THE DOCTOR, PERI & ROSS CLAMBER ON TO BACK OF TRUCK, MOIRA FIRES ON THE ADVANCING ROBOMEN.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING, CLIMBING ONTO TRUCK) Remember, they were people once.

MOIRA:

Missed. – You want to do the shooting? Do you?

ALAN:

Are we all aboard, or are we gonna sit here arguing, like?

PERI:

(SHOUTING) Just drive!!!

TRUCK ACCELERATES. MOIRA LOOSES OFF A FEW SHOTS AS TRUCK WHIZZES PAST DALEKS AND ROBOMEN.

DALEK:

Prisoners escaping! Stop them! Stop!!!

DALEK SHOOTS AT TRUCK AS IT ROARS AWAY. CROSS TO:

33: EXT. REFINERY – MAIN GATE

KLAXONS, AS BEFORE. TRUCK APPROACHES AT SPEED.

DALEK #1:

Alert! Unauthorised vehicle approaching!

DALEK #2:

Robomen – secure the gate!

GATES BEGINS TO BE CLOSED.

DALEK #1:

Driver of unauthorised vehicle, halt! Halt...!

MOIRA:

(CALLING BACK) Heads down!

TRUCK SMASHES THROUGH THE DALEKS AND FENCED GATE, ROARING AWAY INTO THE DISTANCE. FADE.

TRANSITIONAL MUSIC. TIME PASSES.

34: EXT. COUNTRYSIDE

FADE UP: GENTLE BREEZE BLOWS ACROSS THE COUNTRYSIDE. TIME HAS PASSED. EVERYONE SITTING BESIDE TRUCK.

ROSS:

How you doing there, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

I think there's some feeling coming back now, thank you, Ross.

ROSS:

I thought there was nothing wrong with your legs?

DOCTOR:

I meant, to my face.

PERI:

Serves you right.

ALAN:

Madness. We could have all been killed!

ROSS:

But we weren't, were we?

MOIRA:

(COMING OVER) Everybody OK?

ALAN:

Is that it? Break's over?

MOIRA:

Daleks don't take breaks.

DOCTOR:

Quite. Night or day, we can't stay still for long.

MOIRA:

I hear you know a lot about them, Doctor. The Daleks. Regular grudge match you've got going...?

DOCTOR:

(EVASIVE) Grudge... ? Well, why would anyone not have a grudge against the Daleks, Miss...?

MOIRA:

Sorry, we didnae have time for the social niceties. Moira Brody.

ALAN:

(WHISTLES) You're kidding, right?

DOCTOR:

The Moira Brody. Well, well, well.

MOIRA:

Seems I'm more famous than I thought.

PERI:

Why, are you some kind of celebrity?

ROSS:

She's – she's with the resistance.

MOIRA:

I was, aye...

ROSS:

You're a hero!

ALAN:

Troublemaker, more like. Causing grief for the rest of us who just want to keep our heads down. – (A THOUGHT) Hey! Way I heard it, there's a price on that head of yours...!

MOIRA:

People say all sorts. But the Daleks didn't realise who I was when the shuttle picked me up.

ALAN:

Is that so? – Lucky, that.

MOIRA:

Luck had nothing to do with it. One captured work unit is the same as the next, so far as they're concerned.

DOCTOR:

Interesting as this discussion is, we need to move on.

ALAN:

Go where you like. I'm cuttin' loose, headin' cross country.

ROSS:

We should stay together.

ALAN:

What? And make a bigger target?

PERI:

Doctor, what do you think?

DOCTOR:

Well, what I think [is -]

MOIRA:

We head north.

ALAN:

North?! – Why?

MOIRA:

I heard there's Dalek-free islands, up in the Orkneys. Folks like us, banding together, getting ready to strike back. Gathering up arms and armour, medical supplies...

ROSS:

Food?

MOIRA:

Aye, of course.

ALAN:

More to rob?

PERI:

Change the record, Alan.

DOCTOR:

The coast... that's, what, some hundred miles or so?

MOIRA:

I reckon.

ROSS:

The Orkneys, though.

DOCTOR:

I suppose, if it's the last place we were thinking of going, it's the last place the Daleks will be thinking of looking...

ALAN:

Och, I was sittin' pretty until you bunch of head-cases turned up on my patch! (BEAT, SIGH) Alright, alright... I'm in.

MOIRA:

Keys, then. We drive in shifts.

ALAN:

(FX: HANDS OVER KEYS.) Suits me.

MOIRA:

Ross, you join me up front.

MOIRA, ALAN & ROSS MOVE AWAY.

DOCTOR:

(TO PERI) Well, then – best we climb aboard.

PERI:

I thought you wanted to run away back to the TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

"Run away"?

PERI:

That's what it seemed like.

DOCTOR:

(WALKING TO TRUCK) Believe me, Peri, the less you know about this particular episode in Earth's history, the safer we'll be.

PERI:

(FOLLOWING) Thanks.

DOCTOR:

Please, trust me. It's not what it sounds like. More than that I'm not at liberty to say.

PERI:

So we're staying with this lot, why?

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING AT TRUCK) Because I think they might need our help, to find safe passage to the Orkneys. And because – well, because the TARDIS is indisposed, for the time being.

TRUCK ENGINE STARTS UP.

PERI:

(OVER NOISE) What do you mean, 'indisposed'?

DOCTOR:

Sunk in that peat bog. Glug, glug, glug. I could just about see the top of her light.

PERI:

(TO DOCTOR) What?

MOIRA:

(CALLING BACK) Come on if you're coming, you two!

DOCTOR:

Never mind that now. (HUP OF EFFORT, CLIMBING ABOARD) Our carriage awaits.

PERI:

Give us a hand up, then. (HUP)

CLIMBS ABOARD. BEAT. TRUCK MOVES AWAY. CROSSFADE TO:

35: INT. REFINERY – CONTROL ROOM

DALEK CONTROL ROOM EFFECT AND INSTRUMENTS. DOOR GRINDS OPEN.

DALEK #1:

Report.

DALEK #2:

Dalek and Roboman patrols have failed to locate the fugitives.
We must report to the Supreme Dalek.

DALEK #1:

No. The fugitives must be recaptured. Despatch transolar disc
patrols over an increased radius.

DALEK #2:

I obey.

36: EXT. DRUMKYLD – STREET

TRUCK COMES TO HALT. CAB DOOR OPENS, MOIRA JUMPS OUT.

PERI:

(CALLING) Why are we stopping?

MOIRA:

Supplies. We need water at least.

AS ROSS AND ALAN DISEMBARK FROM OTHER SIDE OF CAB:

DOCTOR:

That I cannot argue with. – What a charming little village.

PERI:

“Drumkyld”.

ROSS:

You know it, Peri?

PERI:

There’s a sign. “Drumkyld General Stores”.

ROSS:

Aye, so there is! – (HEADS OFF)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Don’t go too far, any of you!

ALAN:

You in charge now?

DOCTOR:

Does it matter?

MOIRA:

The Doctor’s right, we need to be able to get back aboard at a moment’s notice. – Look, just make yourself useful, will you?

ALAN:

(SURLY) Yes, ma’am.

PERI JUMPS OFF BACK OF THE TRUCK.

PERI:

Come on, we’d better help them.

DOCTOR:

Many hands, yes.

DOCTOR JUMPS DOWN. THEY WALK.

PERI:

Place looks deserted. Like a ghost town.

DOCTOR:

I daresay it is. Like brutal barons of old, the Daleks have cleared the Highlands.

PERI:

Why?

DOCTOR:

Small communities make easy targets, rounded up in an afternoon. Very efficient. Very Dalek.

PERI:

I mean, what for?

DOCTOR:

Labour, for their industrial works. Not just here, down South as well. Oh, if Jamie could see this...

PERI:

What industrial works? What are they doing? (STOPPING) Doctor, tell me!

DOCTOR:

(SIGH) All right. This is the year 2163.

PERI:

I got that much. And the Daleks have invaded Earth.

DOCTOR:

A dark time. The solar system blockaded. Other worlds unable – or unwilling – to stand against the Dalek Empire. A decade of occupation that almost brought the human race to its knees.

PERI:

What happened?

DOCTOR:

I did.

PERI:

You were here before?

DOCTOR:

I will be. About a year from now, Earth will be liberated. I helped destroy the occupying Dalek force. And... I lost someone very precious that day...

PERI:

I'm sorry.

DOCTOR:

Not like that, it was just time to say good-bye, but... What I'm trying to say is, this is... was my fight. But not here. Not now. It goes against everything I believe in – but to become involved, to actively fight the Daleks here...

PERI:

You're worried about the, what do you call it, the Web of Time.

DOCTOR:

It's not about the Web of Time, it's about me! If the Dalek army of occupation was to identify me or the TARDIS now...

PERI:

... they might be ready for the other you who turns up a year from now.

DOCTOR:

Precisely. This terrible status quo must remain intact for my earlier self to tackle. – Listen to me, Peri. If I were to be captured, and if the Daleks were to examine my memories... well, promise me you won't let that happen.

ROUND ABOUT NOW, ALAN & ROSS BEGIN ARGUING DOWN STREET.

FOLLOWING DISTANT DIALOGUE RUNS UNDER PERI & DOCTOR:

[ALAN:

What you got there, thief?

[ROSS:

(EATING) Biscuits. Still fresh.

[ALAN:

(SNATCHES BISCUITS) You were going to scoff the lot weren't you?

[ROSS:

Hey! – I was going to share!]

PERI:

How?

DOCTOR:

Peri...

PERI:

You don't mean... No!

DOCTOR:

Well...

ARGUMENT CONTINUES FROM OFF:

ALAN:

(LOUD, TO ROSS) Liar!

DOCTOR:

Are those two at it again?

CROSS TO:

37: EXT. DRUMKYLD – STREET [CONTINUOUS]

FURTHER DOWN STREET:

ALAN:

Once a thief, always a thief! (SHOVES ROSS)

BISCUITS SCATTER ON THE FLOOR

ROSS:

The biscuits, you've broken them!

ALAN:

You're pathetic.

MOIRA:

(RUNNING UP) Och, you two! Do I have to bang your heads together!

ALAN:

Kid's a liability.

ROSS:

I'm sorry.

ALAN:

Stop saying you're sorry!

MOIRA:

Enough with the scrapping! We work together, or we die together. Which do you want, Alan – hey? Hey?

ALAN:

Suppose.

MOIRA:

There's a good boy. There's a coupla crates of mineral water in the pub.

ROSS:

Mineral water?

MOIRA:

I know, in Scotland. Tourists had to drink something. – Fetch 'em together, the pair of you!

AS ALAN & ROSS HEAD OFF, CROSS TO:

38: EXT. DRUMKYLD – STREET [CONTINUOUS]

PERI:

Moira's impressive.

DOCTOR:

She certainly is. And therein lies the problem – and part of the reason why we're still here.

PERI:

You recognised her name, didn't you?

DOCTOR:

The years following the liberation were nearly as tough. The Earth broken, world leaders slaughtered. The destiny of the planet hung in the balance and it needed strong people to lead the rebuilding – and healing.

PERI:

Moira's one of those people?

DOCTOR:

The history texts of the time mention the leader of the Scottish resistance. Her name, Moira Brody.

PERI:

You think it's our Moira?

DOCTOR:

It would be an enormous coincidence if it wasn't.

PERI:

Why am I sensing an enormous 'but'?

DOCTOR:

You know me so well. It's why I wanted to leave before, but I think our presence here has already polluted the timeline. History records that Moira Brody was liberated from a labour camp – a refinery – at the end of the occupation...

PERI:

Not that she escaped a year before.

DOCTOR:

Precisely.

PERI:

Now she's out here, you're worried something might happen, something that stops her from being part of the rebuilding?

DOCTOR:

Precisely. If the change is minor, time has a habit of washing its own wounds clean. Things remain on track, more or less. However, if Moira dies...

PERI:

We have to stay with her.

DOCTOR:

At least until she's safe in the Orkneys.

PERI:

Then what? What if she raises her army a year early?

DOCTOR:

Once we're safely there, I'll sit her down and talk to her.

PERI:

Well, what if she won't listen?

DOCTOR:

Sssh, she's coming over.

MOIRA:

(COMING OVER) What are you two in cahoots about?

DOCTOR:

Ohh, this and that. – Did you find anything?

ALAN:

(CRIES OUT FROM WELL OFF.)

PERI:

What was that?

MOIRA:

It's alright, it's just the boys finding what I found in the pub.

DOCTOR:

Which was?

MOIRA:

The landlord, danglin' from an oak beam. Reckon he heard the Daleks were comin', and...

PERI:

That's horrible!

MOIRA:

Aye, well. Figured the boys needed remindin' – fightin' the Daleks is all there is. If we don't do that, well...

PERI:

There are other ways to do it –

MOIRA:

Hey, do either of you sail?

DOCTOR:

I can't claim to be a natural born matelot, but I know the ropes.

PERI:

What's this about sailing?

DOCTOR:

Obvious, I'd have thought, Perpugilliam?

MOIRA:

Once we get to the coast, we're going to have to find ourselves a boat.

39: RADIO BROADCAST

DALEK:

Attention, all humans. Attention. Earth belongs to the Daleks. Resistance is useless. Those who obey the Daleks will be rewarded. Obedient humans, lead us to those who resist and rebel and you will be doubly rewarded.

CROSS-FADE INTO:

40: INT. TRUCK CAB — IN MOTION

BROADCAST BECOMES TINNY, PIPED THROUGH RADIO SPEAKER. TRUCK THRUMS ALONG.

DALEK:

(D) Obey the Daleks in all things. Disobey, and you will die. Daleks are masters of Earth. Repeat, Daleks are m-

RADIO SWITCHED OFF VIOLENTLY.

MOIRA:

(DRIVING) Och, that's enough of that. Givin' me a headache.

PERI:

At least they're not talking about us.

MOIRA:

True. — Brr, chilly night. Your Doctor gonna be alright out the back, with Alan and Ross?

PERI:

"My" Doctor? That sounds... weird.

MOIRA:

You're a weird pair.

PERI:

We're not —

MOIRA:

Och, I worked that out. That's why I can't figure you. — Known him a long time, have you?

PERI:

Years. Well, until recently.

MOIRA:

You had time apart?

PERI:

Lived a whole other life, apparently.

MOIRA:

I'm not following you.

PERI:

Don't try. Turns out I spent the last ten years in a – well, a sort of daze, I guess.

MOIRA:

Know the feeling. Then – what? Prince Charming there came and woke you up?

PERI:

You don't know the half of [it.]

MOIRA:

Wait. There's something up ahead.

CROSS TO:

41: EXT. BACK OF TRUCK

TRUCK BRAKES. TARPAULIN RUSTLES.

ALAN:

(ALARMED, SUDDENLY AWAKE) What is it?

ROSS:

(DITTO) What's happening?

DOCTOR:

(HISSED) Keep it down! – Looks like a Dalek checkpoint up ahead. Oh, I knew this was too easy.

WHINE OF WINDOW OFF.

PERI:

(HISSED CALL) Doctor? There's a –

DOCTOR:

(HISSED BACK) We know. They're bound to have seen our headlights.

ALAN:

(SOTTO) We should make a run for it.

ROSS:

(SOTTO) Aye.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) It's open land, there's nowhere to run to.

PERI:

(HISSED CALL) Moira says –

DOCTOR:

(HISSED BACK) Keep going, front it out. I know the routine.

WINDOW WINDS UP.

DOCTOR:

(SOTTO) Back under the tarpaulin, gentlemen. And try not to make a sound.

TRUCK MOVES FORWARD. CROSS TO:

42: EXT. CHECKPOINT

TRUCK APPROACHES.

DALEK:

Vehicle will halt for full inspection.

TRUCK BRAKES, ENGINE IDLING. WINDOW WINDS DOWN.

DALEK:

State destination and cargo.

PERI:

Er... hi. Mechanical parts for, er, coastal command outpost.
Urgent request from, um...

MOIRA:

Dalek Command. Aye, Dalek Command.

DALEK:

Why are there two of you?

MOIRA:

Heavy parts, heavy liftin'.

DALEK:

Roboman! – Examine the consignment.

ROBOMAN:

I obey.

BEGINS TO LUMBER OVER TO BACK OF TRUCK. CROSS TO:

43: EXT. BACK OF TRUCK (UNDER TARPAULIN) [CONTINUOUS]

ROSS:

(WHISPER) There's a Roboman coming over.

ALAN:

(WHISPER) That's us dead, then –

DOCTOR:

(WHISPER) Hush! – Think, Moira, think...!

CROSS BACK TO:

44: EXT. CHECKPOINT [CONTINUOUS]

MOIRA:

Wait. Wait! – There's, uh, magnets in there. Really... big... magnets. Enough to scramble your Robo-fella's control signal.

PERI:

(HOPEFULLY) That's why Dalek Command sent us humans?

DALEK:

Roboman – stop!

CROSS BACK TO:

45: EXT. BACK OF TRUCK (UNDER TARPAULIN) [CONTINUOUS]

ALAN:

(WHISPER) Och, smart thinkin', girls!

ROSS:

(WHISPER) Thought we were done fer.

DOCTOR:

(WHISPER) Yes, well. We're not out of the woods yet.

CROSS BACK TO:

46: EXT. CHECKPOINT [CONTINUOUS]**MOIRA:**

Is that alright, then? – Only your Black Dalek will have our guts for garters if we don't get these parts where they're goin' by daybreak.

DALEK:

Wait. Registered workers must present proof of identity.

PERI:

It was an emergency request, we told you!

MOIRA:

We don't have papers!

DALEK:

Papers unnecessary. Facial features are proof of identity. – Engaging facial recognition protocols. Scan commencing.

HUM OF FACIAL SCAN.

PERI:

What's it mean, 'facial features are proof of identity'?

MOIRA:

It means, there's mugshots of every approved Dalek quisling registered in their computers, or whatever. – Gave it a good go, though, didn't we?

SCAN ENDS.

DALEK:

You are not registered workers. You are escaped prisoners! Dismount vehicle! [Dismount or be exterminated!]

MOIRA:

Recognise *this!*

RIFLE SHOT. DALEK'S EYESTALK SHOT OFF.

DALEK:

(SQUEALS)

PERI:

You shot his eyestalk off!

DALEK WHIRLS ROUND.

DALEK:

My vision is impaired! I cannot see! –

MOIRA:

Didn't I, just!

DALEK:

Robomen will destroy occupants of fugitive vehicle!

AS 3 x ROBOMEN COME RUNNING, MOIRA PUTS THE TRUCK INTO REVERSE GEAR. TRUCK LURCHES BACKWARDS. ROBOMEN STOP AND BEGIN FIRING.

MOIRA:

Peri, down!

HIT BY BULLETS, WINDSCREEN SHATTERS, MOIRA AND PERI GASPING AS GLASS TINKLES AROUND THEM. TYRES SCREECH. TRUCK BRAKES VIOLENTLY.

PERI:

Now what?

MOIRA:

(CALLING) Everybody hold on!

ENGINE ROARS. CROSS TO:

47: EXT. BACK OF TRUCK (UNDER TARPAULIN) [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR, ALAN, ROSS THROWN AROUND THE BACK OF THE TRUCK.

ALAN:

What the [hell]

DOCTOR:

Safe to say our cover's blown!

TRUCK BUCKS AND ROCKS.

ROSS:

What's she doing?!

DOCTOR:

I believe it's known as "off-roading!"

TRUCK ROARS ACROSS COUNTRY.

48: EXT. CHECKPOINT

TRUCK HEARD IN THE DISTANCE, MOVING AWAY. ROBOMEN SHOOTING AFTER IT.

DALEK:

Cease firing!

ROBOMEN STOP.

DALEK:

Sending priority transmission to Dalek Command. Escaped prisoners from refinery station gamma sighted. Request aerial assistance.

49: INT. TRUCK CAB – DRIVING OVER MOORLAND

ENGINE UP AND DOWN IN PITCH AS IT GUNS ACROSS ROUGH TERRAIN.
MOIRA STRUGGLING WITH THE WHEEL.

PERI:

That was close!

MOIRA:

Don't thank me yet! – Are they following us?

PERI:

I can barely see. I don't... I don't think so.

MOIRA:

Very thorough!

CROSS TO:

50: EXT. BACK OF TRUCK [CONTINUOUS]

ROSS:

They don't look to be following.

DOCTOR:

Daleks aren't known for giving up.

ALAN:

I'll take what I can get.

DOCTOR:

Wise policy.

THE TRUCK ROARS AND BUCKS ONWARDS. BUT OVERHEAD, A WHINE.
SOMEWHERE ABOVE...

ROSS:

Our luck has to run out, though, doesn't it?

WHINE HIGHER IN VOLUME

DOCTOR:

I don't believe in [luck].

ALAN:

Hang about – what's that [noise?]

DALEK GUNS FIRES, OFF.

DOCTOR:

Down!

EXPLOSION ERUPTS A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY.

ALAN:

What the...?

ROSS:

Look! Up in the sky!

DOCTOR:

Daleks in transolar discs!

51: EXT. SKY

HIGH UP, WIND RUSHING PAST, 5 X HOVERBOUTS WHINE THROUGH THE AIR.

DALEK #1:

Escaped prisoners sighted. Descend, locate, exterminate!

4 x DALEKS:

We obey!

PROPULSION WHINE ALTERS PITCH. HOVERBOUTS DROP FROM THE SKY.
CROSS TO:

52: EXT. BACK OF TRUCK [CONTINUOUS]

TRUCK ROARS ACROSS COUNTRY. DALEK FIRE RAINING DOWN. MULTIPLE EXPLOSIONS TEAR UP THE TERRAIN AROUND THE TRUCK.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING OFF) Peri! Tell Moira! We need to get under cover!

PERI:

(CALLING BACK) Oh, you think?!

FIRE. EXPLOSION.

ROSS:

They're gettin' closer!

ALAN:

Aye!

FIRE. EXPLOSION.

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING OFF) Make for the tree line!

PERI:

(CALLING BACK) What tree line?!

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING OFF) Woodlands at eleven o' clock!

ALAN:

Here they come again!

CROSS TO:

53: INT. TRUCK CAB – DRIVING OVER MOORLAND [CONTINUOUS]

PERI:

Did you hear that? Moira!!

MOIRA:

Back seat driver...!

EXPLOSION, OFF. MOIRA PUTS HER FOOT DOWN. CROSS TO:

54: EXT. BACK OF TRUCK [CONTINUOUS]

EXPLOSION, OFF. SHOWER OF MUD.

ALAN & ROSS:

(CRY OUT, SHOWERED IN MUD)

DOCTOR:

(SHOUTING) Put your foot down, Moira!

CROSS TO:

55: INT. TRUCK CAB – DRIVING OVER MOORLAND [CONTINUOUS]

PERI:

Nearly there...! – Moira, you're going too fast. Moira!!!

MOIRA TRIES TO PUT BRAKES ON. NO USE.

MOIRA:

Aw, hell. Brakes have gone!

PERI:

What?

MOIRA:

Gonna have to tip her over.

PERI:

What?!?

MOIRA:

(SHOUTING) Brace yourselves-!!!

WRENCHES WHEEL. CROSS TO:

56: EXT. WOODED PLANTATION

TRUCK TIPS DOWN AN INCLINE. SCREECH OF TORTURED METAL. ENDING WITH A HEFTY CRUNCH AGAINST A TREE.

SEVERAL BEATS' SILENCE.

PASSENGER DOOR SWINGS OPEN. PERI HALF-TUMBLES OUT.

PERI:

Doctor...? – Doctor!

AS SHE RUSHES TO BACK OF TRUCK, MOIRA FOLLOWS HER OUT.

MOIRA:

I've parked better.

PERI:

(AT REAR, RUSTLING TARPAULIN) They've gone! They must have –

DOCTOR:

(CALLING FROM OFF) Over here!

PERI:

How did you – ?

ALAN:

(CALLING FROM OFF) Jumped, aye!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING FROM OFF) Bit battered and bruised, but we'll live.

PERI:

(CALLING) Where's Ross?

DOCTOR:

(CALLING FROM OFF) Ross? Well, he was just –

CROSS TO BESIDE DOCTOR & ALAN.

DOCTOR:

... Ross?

ROSS:

Here! Over here, Doctor, I – (TRIES TO GET UP. CRIES OUT IN AGONY – ARM'S BROKEN) My arm! ... I think it's broken!

DOCTOR:

Alan, watch for those hoverbouts.

ALAN:

Think they tailed off.

DOCTOR:

They'll be relaying our position to ground patrols.

ALAN:

Aw, hell.

DOCTOR:

(TO ROSS) Now. Let's take a look at you, young man.

ROSS:

Don't touch it, don't - (SCREAMS IN PAIN)

AS MOIRA & PERI RUN UP:

DOCTOR:

Yes, I should say that was broken.

PERI:

Doctor? - He'll go into shock if we don't treat that properly.

DOCTOR:

Indeed.

MOIRA:

We should leave him.

PERI:

What?

MOIRA:

He's a liability.

DOCTOR:

That's a very harsh viewpoint.

MOIRA:

It's realistic. He'll get us killed.

PERI:

We're not leaving anybody.

ALAN:

(FROM SLIGHTLY OFF) She's got a point. He'll bring the Daleks down on us if he's going to be bawlin' his head — (STOPS) Aw, no.

IN THE DISTANCE, DOGS BARK.

MOIRA:

Dogs—?

ALAN:

(COMING BACK) Aye, and Robomen wi' em!

DOCTOR:

We need to get deeper into the forest.

ROSS:

P-please, I can walk. Help me up, and I'll walk.

DOCTOR:

Peri.

ROSS GASPS AS THEY HELP HIM UP.

MOIRA:

You're head-cases, both of ye.

ALAN:

What have I been saying?

DOCTOR:

Better a... 'head-case', than lacking compassion.

MOIRA:

Come on then, before they pick up our trail.

THEY MOVE AWAY, LEAVING THE HOUNDS AND ROBOMEN BEHIND. FADE.

57: EXT. WOODED PLANTATION (FEW MINUTES LATER)

THE FUGITIVES MOVE THROUGH THE UNDERGROWTH. MOIRA AND ALAN AHEAD, DOCTOR AND PERI EITHER SIDE OF ROSS.

NB: HUSHED VOICES EXCEPT WHERE INDICATED.

PERI:

All these trees look the same.

MOIRA:

What's the plan, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Just keep moving. I'm afraid that's all I can think of just now.

ROSS:

(STIFLED SOB) Please. Hurry.

ALAN:

We'd move quicker if we weren't carryin' *that* around.

ROSS:

Why... why do you hate me so much?

ALAN:

Why? Cos you're a thievin' [wee]—

DOCTOR:

That's enough. Save the bickering for later— [please]

PERI:

(LOUD) Ow!

ALL STOP.

MOIRA:

Peri?

PERI:

Just a thorn... or something.

DOCTOR:

Let me see.

PERI:

It's only a scratch.

MOIRA:

(EXCITED) Oh, now – look at that!

PERI:

Nothing to see with no light.

MOIRA:

Up ahead. Look!

SHE MARCHES ON.

DOCTOR:

Now, what's she seen...?

THEY FOLLOW INTO:

58: EXT. WOODED PLANTATION – BY SHACK [CONTINUOUS]

FUGITIVES EMERGE INTO A CLEARING.

PERI:

What is that?

MOIRA:

Some kind of shack. Does it matter?

ALAN:

Ghillie's cabin. Had something like it back on the old estate.

ROSS:

(WINCES IN PAIN)

DOCTOR:

Well, it may afford us some little shelter while we tend to Ross.

59: INT. CABIN

A LITTLE USED DOOR OPENS, ADMITTING THE GROUP. LIGHT SWITCH CLICKED USELESSLY.

PERI:

No power.

DOCTOR:

I'll need light to set this arm.

MOIRA:

Look around, see if you can find anything useful.

FOOTSTEPS INTO THE CABIN. OIL LAMP PICKED UP.

ALAN:

Will an oil lamp do you?

DOCTOR:

Box of matches?

ALAN:

Er, no.

DOCTOR:

Well, keep trying!

ROSS:

Sorry to be a pain.

DOCTOR:

Not at all.

MOIRA:

What's our next move?

DOCTOR:

Lay low here, then make our move to the coast.

PERI:

Without transport?

DOCTOR:

I'd say we're less than two miles away.

MOIRA:

How do you know that?

DOCTOR:

Relative wind speed and a certain briny tang in the air.

MOIRA:

"Briny tang"?

PERI:

He's just trying to impress you.

MATCH STRUCK, OFF.

ALAN:

(OFF) Got it!

DOCTOR:

Bring the light over here. Let the dog see [the rabbit...]

BUMP FROM OUTSIDE (VARGA PLANTS SURROUNDING CABIN).

PERI:

That came from outside.

ALAN:

They've found us!

MOIRA:

They can't have!

PERI MOVES TO THE WINDOW.

PERI:

Can't see anything. Those trees look weird. — There, look!

MOIRA:

There what?

PERI:

One of them moved.

ALAN:

Don't be daft.

ALAN, MOIRA, DOCTOR CROSS TO WINDOW.

PERI:

There, again!

DOCTOR:

No. It can't be...

ALAN:

You're just spooked. (BEAT) Weird lookin' trees, though, now I see them. More like –

DOCTOR:

Oh no.

RUSTLING AND SCRAPING OUTSIDE.

PERI:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Varga plants! Everybody, back! Back from the [window]

WINDOW SMASHES.

PERI & MOIRA & ALAN:

(CRY OUT IN ALARM)

DOCTOR:

That's right! Right back! Don't let them touch you!

ALAN:

Varga plants? – What the devil are Varga plants?

DOCTOR:

A particularly nasty form of plant life, native to Skaro.

ALAN:

Skaro?

MOIRA:

The Daleks' homeworld.

PERI:

What are they doing here?

DOCTOR:

The Daleks are turning the entire planet into a mobile battle platform.

MOIRA:

How in heaven's name do you know that?

DOCTOR:

I just do! I imagine they intend to shower whole planets with Varga seeds ahead of invasion, hence this... plantation. No wonder the Robomen didn't follow us in.

ROSS:

Why, what do these plants do?

DOCTOR:

Varga. Literally means "devourer". Any life form infected by a Varga will eventually become a Varga.

PERI:

How does that work, then?

DOCTOR:

They're covered in tiny spines.

ALAN:

Spines?

DOCTOR:

Small, thorn-like protusions, spines! One scratch, and, well...

PERI:

(QUIET) One scratch?

DOCTOR:

That's all it takes for the poison to... (REALISES) Oh, Peri.

VARGA BUMPING AND SMASHING AGAINST THE CABIN.

ALAN:

How are they even moving?

DOCTOR:

Alan – kindly stop gawping and find something, anything to barricade the windows!

ALAN SHIFTS FURNITURE ABOUT IN B/G THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

Miss Brody, if you could hold the lamp? Peri – show me your arm.

PERI:

It doesn't hurt. – Well? Can you see anything?

DOCTOR:

There. (PLUCKS VARGA HAIR)

PERI:

Ow!

MOIRA:

A hair?

DOCTOR:

A filament of Varga matter.

PERI:

But it's safe for you to touch it?

DOCTOR:

Once it's done its work, yes.

BEAT.

PERI:

(MATTER-OF-FACT) That's that, then.

MOIRA:

"Eventually", you said. How long's "eventually"?

BEAT.

PERI:

How long? Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Moira. You said something about medical facilities, on Orkney?

MOIRA:

Supplies, I said. 'Facilities' ... mebbe.

DOCTOR:

Do they or don't they have medical facilities on Orkney?

MOIRA:

I don't know, for certain.

DOCTOR:

Then we need to find out. (WALKS TO ROSS) Ross? Are you fit to travel?

ROSS:

(WOOZY) Travel. Aye.

ALAN:

(RETURNING FROM BARRICADING WINDOWS) Travel? – We've got to get out of this place first!

DOCTOR:

Torches.

MOIRA:

You what?

DOCTOR:

As in flaming. Vargas and fire don't mix. Look around for fuel.

PERI:

The lamp?

DOCTOR:

That'll do. – Alan, that chair, I need it in pieces.

ALAN:

Nae bother!

ALAN SMASHING UP WOODEN CHAIR THROUGH:

MOIRA:

What else?

DOCTOR:

Something to dip into the fuel...

MOIRA:

... curtains?

DOCTOR:

Perfect.

HE PULLS THEM DOWN FROM RAIL, RINGS PINGING EVERYWHERE.

DOCTOR:

Help me tear them into strips. – Hurry! We don't have...

PERI:

... much time?

CLOTH RIPS. CUT TO:

60: EXT. CABIN

VARGA SCRAPE BACK AND FORTH, PUMPELLING AT THE CABIN. FEW BEATS LATER, THE DOOR FLIES OPEN.

DOCTOR:

Right, you spiny horrors. Let's see what you make of this — (EFFORT, AS HE THROWS LAMP...)

... INTO THE CLEARING. IT SMASHES. WHOOSH OF FLAME. THE VARGA BURN — MAKING A SOUND THAT COULD ALMOST BE A SCREECH.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Now!

THE FUGITIVES EMERGE, WAVING MAKESHIFT FLAMING TORCHES, WHOOSHING FROM SIDE TO SIDE.

ALAN:

How in the name of all that's holy are we supposed to get through these...?

DOCTOR:

The Varga will stay away from the flames! Push your torches towards them. (JABBING TORCH) Like this!

WHOOSH OF FLAMES, 'SCREECH' OF VARGA.

MOIRA:

Stay close to me, Ross!

PERI:

They're everywhere!

DOCTOR:

They'll just encircle all of us if we're not careful.

PERI:

So what do we do?

ALAN:

Every man for hisself, hen. (CHARGING OFF WITH TORCH) Raa[aa!]

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER) Alan, no!!!

MOIRA:

He's right, increases our chances. You take Peri, I'll take Ross. Keep the moon to your left and we'll meet at the perimeter! — Go, go!

2 x PAIRS CHARGE OFF, JABBING VARGAS. 'SCREECHING'. FADE.

61: EXT. EDGE OF PLANTATION

DALEK:

(IN DISTANCE) Humans! We know you are in the plantation. Surrender, and we will spare you from the Varga.

ALAN:

(SOTTO, TO SELF) What, by exterminatin' us real quick? No thank you...

DOCTOR AND PERI PUSH THROUGH UNDERGROWTH, OFF.

PERI:

(OFF) Doctor, I... I don't feel so good...

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Nearly there, Peri. Just a few more feet, and –

FINAL BRANCH PUSHED ASIDE.

DOCTOR:

There! What did I tell you? – (SEEING ALAN) Alan! You [made it]

ALAN:

(HISSED) Keep it down! – Daleks over yonder.

DOCTOR:

(SCRAMBLING OVER, SOTTO) They're half a mile away, I think we're safe.

ALAN:

(SOTTO) You think? [Sound carries in the Highlands.]

CROSS TO INSIDE PERI'S HEAD – HEARING THE VARGAS 'WHISPER' TO HER.

VARGA:

You are Varga...

CROSS BACK.

PERI:

Who said that? – Who's there?

DOCTOR:

Peri?

PERI:

Doctor? Just for a minute I thought... (CHANGING SUBJECT) Doesn't matter.

ALAN:

I said, keep it down! – Where's the other two, then?

DOCTOR:

I don't know.

MOIRA:

(CALLING, OFF) Ross! – Where are you? Ross!

DOCTOR:

(STEPPING ASIDE, HISS-CALLING) Moira! Here! (BEAT; LOUDER) Over here-!

ALAN:

Careful-!!

MOIRA:

(OFF) Doctor...?

CRUNCHES THROUGH UNDERGROWTH TO JOIN THEM.

MOIRA:

... Doctor! – Where's Ross? Have you seen Ross?

DOCTOR:

No.

MOIRA:

One minute he had his hand on my shoulder, the next...

DOCTOR:

Wait here, all of you. I'm going back [in to find him]

ROSS:

(DISTANT BLOOD-CURDLING SCREECH – CUTS SUDDENLY, HORRIBLY SHORT)

ALAN:

Don't think there's much point. Do you?

DOCTOR:

The slightest scratch is one thing. With multiple wounds, the effect is almost instantaneous.

MOIRA:

I think maybe – maybe Ross let go on purpose...

DOCTOR:

Brave lad.

ALAN:

Aye. And it sounded quick, at least.

CUT BACK TO INSIDE PERI'S HEAD.

VARGA:

Join us.

BACK OUT.

PERI:

(ZOMBIE-LIKE, STEPPING FORWARD) I must... must...

PERI STUMBLES FORWARD, BACK TOWARDS THE PLANTATION.

DOCTOR:

Peri, no-! (CATCHING UP) It's too late.

PERI:

(STRUGGLING) I have to go. I have to...

INSIDE PERI'S HEAD.

VARGA:

Join us. Join us...!

OUT.

PERI:

Join you!!!

DOCTOR:

(GRABBING HER) No! Peri, listen to me. Concentrate on my voice!

PERI:

(STRUGGLING) Get off me!

MOIRA:

What's wrong with her?

DOCTOR:

It's the Varga effect. They're calling to her. Alan, help me with her.

ALAN:

(STRUGGLING) Strong for a lass—

INSIDE PERI'S HEAD.

VARGA:

You must... kill!

OUT.

PERI:

I must... I must kill!

DOCTOR:

The toxin is working its way through her system. The Varga is taking her over!

PERI:

(STRUGGLING) Kill! Kill!

INSIDE PERI'S HEAD.

VARGA CHORUS:

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

END OF PART TWO

PART THREE

REPRISE:

DOCTOR:

The toxin is working its way through her system. The Varga is taking her over!

PERI:

(STRUGGLING) Kill! Kill!

INSIDE PERI'S HEAD.

VARGA CHORUS:

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

SCENE CONTINUES:

62: EXT. EDGE OF PLANTATION [CONTINUOUS]

BACK OUT:

PERI:

Kill you all!

ALAN:

(CRIES OUT — KNOCKED FLYING)

MOIRA:

(GRABBING PERI) It's alright, I've got her.

PERI:

(TWISTING IN MOIRA'S GRIP) No! No-!

MOIRA:

Can't hold her for long, mind...

DOCTOR:

Impressive that you can hold her at all. Peri, listen to me.

PERI:

Kill... Kill!

DOCTOR:

That's what they want. The Varga. They want you to kill. But that's not what you want, is it?

PERI:

I... am... Varga! I... must... kill!

DOCTOR:

No. You are Perpugilliam Brown. (FORCEFUL) Perpugilliam.

PERI:

(SLACKENING) Per-pu-gilliam...?

DOCTOR:

Known as Peri. Peri Brown. That was your father's surname: Brown. Can you remember your father's first name, for me? Peri Brown?

PERI:

No... no!

DOCTOR:

It was Paul.

PERI:

(REMEMBERING) Paul... Brown.

DOCTOR:

Paul Brown, that's right. And your mother's name was what?

PERI:

J-Janine.

DOCTOR:

Janine Brown. You were born in Baltimore, in the United States – and you've come so very, very far from home, haven't you? With me. With –

PERI:

The... Doctor.

DOCTOR:

The Doctor, that's right. You're my friend, Peri Brown. You always have been, even when I've let you down. I know I've let you down before, Peri Brown, but I promise I won't ever fail you again.

PERI:

(HER REAL SELF ONCE MORE) ... Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Peri. It's good to have you back. (THEY EMBRACE)

MOIRA:

Now we've gone all huggy, can I let her go?

PERI:

Yeah. Yeah, you can.

DOCTOR:

Thank you, Moira.

ALL RELAX.

ALAN:

Strong for a wee thing.

MOIRA:

Heard you say.

ALAN:

I meant you.

PERI:

Doctor. – I still hear them. More distant, but still... I'm going to turn into one of them, aren't I?

DOCTOR:

Keep fighting. Remember who you are. Who I am.

MOIRA:

Still – guess the sooner we get her away from this plantation, the better?

DOCTOR:

Their influence should diminish, yes. We need to get to the Orkneys as soon as possible.

ALAN:

See over in the east? I reckon that's the coast path. Two, three miles, I'm thinking...?

DALEK:

(IN FAR DISTANCE – REPEAT FROM 61) *Humans! We know you are in the plantation. Surrender, and we will spare you from the Varga.*

PERI:

Then let's move, while the Daleks still think we're stuck in the forest.

DOCTOR:

An excellent idea. Come on.

THEY MOVE OFF. CROSS TO:

63: EXT. PLANTATION (FURTHER AWAY)

DALEK #1:

Bodies of escaped prisoners must be located. Activate pyro units.

2 x DALEKS:

We obey.

PYRO ATTACHMENTS BURST INTO LIFE — VIZ DALEKS' MASTER PLAN #2.

DALEK #1:

Burn this foliage. Advance and locate.

2 x DALEKS:

Locate and destroy!

DALEKS ADVANCE, FLAMES BLASTING INTO THE VARGA TO CLEAR A PATH.

64: EXT. COAST PATH

ALAN, DOCTOR & PERI TRUDGING ALONG GRAVEL PATH. FEW SEAGULLS.

MOIRA:

(UP AHEAD) Over here! Here!

ALAN:

What is it? (JOGGING OVER) What have you seen?

MOIRA:

Down there! Under the cliff top! Look!

ALAN:

(ARRIVING, LOOKING DOWN) A harbour! – Oh, you beauty. I could kiss you!

MOIRA:

I'd sooner you didn't.

CROSS TO FURTHER BEHIND.

DOCTOR:

Hear that, Peri? A harbour. Nearly there! – (CONCERN) Peri?

PERI:

(DISTRACTED) That's great, Doctor. It's just – just...

INSIDE PERI'S HEAD:

VARGA CHORUS:

(SHRIEKING) Pain! Burning! PAIN!!!

BACK OUT.

PERI:

They hurt. Doctor, they're burning...!

ALAN:

(OFF) Hey, can you smell something funny on the wind, like?

MOIRA:

(OFF) Look! Back behind us! The plantation's on fire!

INTO PERI'S HEAD. BURNING, SCREECHING FX.

VARGA CHORUS:

Burning...! Burning...! Hurts...!

BACK OUT.

PERI:

(SOFTLY) Hurts.

MOIRA:

The Daleks are torchin' the whole plantation!

DOCTOR:

Trying to smoke us out. It won't be long before they realise we've gone.

ALAN:

High cliff. How do we get down to this harbour, exactly?

65: EXT. BURNING PLANTATION

INFERNO. POPPING, SCREECHING VARGA.

DALEK #1:

Escaped prisoners have not been located.

DALEK #2:

Then they must have perished.

DALEK #1:

Or been driven out. Despatch aerial patrols north and east of this location.

DALEK #2:

I obey!

66. EXT. SCRABSTER HARBOUR

LAPPING WATER, OFF. SEAGULLS. DOCTOR'S GROUP WALKING ONTO COBBLES.

MOIRA:

And here we are!

PERI:

It's hardly Boston harbour.

ALAN:

Sure I've been here before, though. When I was a lad. Name's Scrob-somethin'...?

DOCTOR:

Scrabster! Of course it is! A lovely little fishing port. Scallops to die for. Or at least they were in '47.

ALAN:

I musta been here round about '47!

DOCTOR:

1947. I helped a weapon convoy get to Scapa Flow. We had a little trouble with a Slarvian scout ship. Poor Dodo didn't exactly have her sea legs.

ALAN:

We caught a ferry from here. To Stromness.

PERI:

That's in these Orkneys, right?

DOCTOR:

Just ninety minutes away with the weather on our side. Two hours at most.

PERI:

That's if we can find a boat that's seaworthy. The only boats I can see look fit only for sinking.

MOIRA:

What about that...? On the end of the jetty?

ALAN:

Take a look, shall we?

CROSS TO:

66. EXT. JETTY

4 x FEET ON WOODEN PLANKS — RUN TO STOP.

DOCTOR:

Perfect, an outrigger. Well done, Moira.

ALAN:

I'm not gettin' on board that!

MOIRA:

In which case, I'm sure the Daleks'll be pleased to see you.

PERI:

Doctor. You are sure about this?

DOCTOR:

Oh, they build these trawlers to withstand the worst the North Sea can throw at them. (WALKING OVER GANGPLANK) Come on — up and over the gangplank.

PERI FOLLOWS. THEN MOIRA. PAUSES.

MOIRA:

Alan! Are you comin' or no?

ALAN:

I'm going to regret this.

HE FOLLOWS. CROSS TO:

67: INT. OUTRIGGER WHEELHOUSE

DOCTOR & PERI ENTER.

PERI:

It stinks.

DOCTOR:

Years of shrimping. Potted with a little nutmeg. Ah, here we go.

HE TURNS THE IGNITION. ENGINE FIRES. CHUGGING THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

We have fuel! Lady luck is on our side.

PERI:

And if there isn't enough to get us to Orkney?

DOCTOR:

Didn't you see the nets? They were ready to leave when the ship was abandoned. Probably in the early days of the invasion. I'll bet my hat we've enough to get us across Pentland Firth.

PERI:

You don't have a hat.

DOCTOR:

You're sounding more like yourself.

PERI:

That's what you told me to do. Remember who I am.

DOCTOR:

If only you always listened to what I said.

PERI:

(SMILES) Don't push it.

MOIRA RUNS IN.

MOIRA:

We're cast off.

DALEK:

(DISTANT) Fugitives sighted!

ALAN:

(CALLING) They've found us!

68: EXT. SCRABSTER JETTY

BOAT IS PULLING AWAY AS 2 X HOVER TOWARDS IT. SEAGULLS SCATTER.

DALEK #1:

Fugitives escaping!

DALEK #2:

Halt! Or you will be exterminated.

BOAT SURGES AWAY.

2 x DALEKS:

Exterminate!

DALEK FIRE. CROSS TO:

69: INT. WHEELHOUSE (BOAT IN MOTION)

DALEK BOLTS SHOOTING OVERHEAD.

ALAN:

They're shootin' at us!

DOCTOR:

More in hope than expectation, we're out of range. And I doubt they'll risk pursuing us across the sea, not with the North Sea winds.

MOIRA:

Gettin' good at near misses, aren't we?

PERI:

Story of my life.

DOCTOR:

Stromness, here we come!

70: EXT. JETTY

BOAT RECEDING. SEAGULLS.

DALEK #2:

Fugitives are escaping. We must pursue them.

DALEK #1:

Not over open water. But we have other means to ensure their destruction. Now, we return to base.

DALEK #2:

I obey.

FADE.

71: EXT. SEA

FADE UP. BOAT CUTTING THROUGH WATER. CROSS TO:

72: INT. WHEELHOUSE

ENGINE CHUGS. MOIRA ENTERS.

MOIRA:

Doctor. How are you doing?

DOCTOR:

"All I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by..."

MOIRA:

"And the wheel's kick and the wind's song."

DOCTOR:

John Masefield. You're full of surprises, Miss Brody.

MOIRA:

My Da loved the sea. Always messin' about on boats, he was. Here, let me take the wheel.

DOCTOR:

I'm fine. Rather enjoying myself.

MOIRA:

It's not you I'm worried about.

DOCTOR:

Peri. Is she... ?

MOIRA:

Keepin' herself to herself.

DOCTOR:

(SWAPPING WHEEL) Here. Take the wheel a moment. (FX: RUSTLE OF MAP) I've plotted a course around Hoy.

MOIRA:

Looks simple enough.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. Holler if you need any help. I'm going to see if Peri's all right.

DOCTOR LEAVES.

MOIRA:

Full speed ahead. (BEAT — THEN, UNDER HER BREATH:) Moira Brody. My name is Moira Brody. My Dad was Jim Brody. My mother, Coira. My name is Moira Brody.

73: EXT. DECK OF OUTRIGGER

SURF, SEAGULLS OFF. DOCTOR WALKS UP.

DOCTOR:

Enjoying the view?

PERI:

Not much to see.

DOCTOR:

Shame it's so dark. We've just missed the Old Man of Hoy. You should see it Peri. Rising out of the sea, over 400-feet-

PERI:

Is that what we're doing? Sightseeing?

DOCTOR:

I was just trying to-

PERI:

Distract me. I know. I'm sorry.

DOCTOR:

You're burning up.

PERI:

Really? It's freezing.

DOCTOR:

Take my coat.

PERI:

Guess this is no time to be fashion-conscious.

DOCTOR:

I'll choose to ignore that. (BEAT) We will beat this, Peri. Once we've found these medical facilities...

PERI:

So you've said.

DOCTOR:

Trust me.

PERI:

So, this Old Man, then. What's so special-

SOMETHING SLAMS INTO THE BOAT.

PERI:

What was that?

DOCTOR:

I'm not sure.

ENGINE STOPS.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING) Well, don't stop!

ALAN RUNS ONTO THE DECK, CLOSELY FOLLOWED BY MOIRA.

ALAN:

What's happenin'?

MOIRA:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Restart the engine! As the saying goes, "I've got a bad feeling [about]"

THE BOAT LURCHES, GASPS FROM THE CREW.

PERI:

Something in the water!

ALAN:

What, like - sharks?

MOIRA:

Too big!

ALAN:

You [what?]

A ROARING CREATURE LEAPS FROM THE WAVES, CRASHING INTO THE SIDE OF THE BOAT, SCRABBLING TO HOLD ON. IT ROARS, THROUGHOUT THE FOLLOWING.

ALAN:

What the-

DOCTOR:

A Slyther!

PERI:

A what?

DOCTOR:

Dalek guard dogs. – With extra tentacles. – Oh, and teeth.

BOAT ROCKS AGAIN.

MOIRA:

Persistent beasties, aren't they?

PERI:

We need something to knock it back into the water.

DOCTOR:

They'd have rods to help pull the trawling beams back in.

ALAN:

A hook at the end?

DOCTOR:

That's it.

ALAN:

In this locker thing.

SLYTHER ROARS. ALAN AND DOCTOR FIDDLING WITH LOCKER.

PERI:

It's almost on board!

DOCTOR:

Can't get this catch open...

CATCH TO THE CASE FLIPS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

There!

MOIRA:

Gimme one of those.

SHE GRABS A ROD, NEARLY CLOCKING ALAN.

ALAN:

Watch it.

DOCTOR:

Moira, wait.

MOIRA:

For what?

SHE CHARGES THE SLYTHER, CRYING OUT. THE BEAST ROARS.

PERI:

Look out! Tentacles-!!!

SLAP OF TENTACLES. MOIRA SCREAMS AS TENTACLES RAKE HER. MONSTER ROAR. THEY TOPPLE INTO THE WATER.

DOCTOR:

Moira!!!

CROSS TO:

74: UNDERWATER

BRIEF MOMENT FROM UNDERWATER POV: THE SLYTHER AND MOIRA UNDER, THE PACKS' ROARS DISTORTED.

75: EXT. DECK OF OUTRIGGER/SEA

WATER CHURNS, BOAT ROCKS.

ALAN:

She's fallen in the water!

PERI:

It's seething with those things. They'll have us over!

DOCTOR:

Can't see a thing. It's too dark. Unless...

HE RIFLES THROUGH A CRATE.

DOCTOR:

Yes! Let there be light.

ALAN:

A flare? Won't the water put it out?

DOCTOR LOADS THE FLARE.

DOCTOR:

If they were magnesium-based, yes. But underwater flares like this are calcium...

ALAN:

Save the science lesson.

DOCTOR:

You did ask. Stand back!

PERI:

You might hit her.

DOCTOR:

A risk we have to take.

DOCTOR FIRES THE FLARE INTO THE WATER. IT DETONATES BENEATH THE SURFACE. UNDERWATER BELLOWS AS THE SLYTHERS FLEE.

ALAN:

Still can't see...

DOCTOR:

They're gone. The flare scared them off.

LONG SILENCE. LAPPING WATER.

PERI:

Taking Moira with them?

DOCTOR:

So it would appear.

PERI:

Is that all you can say?

DOCTOR:

Peri, listen...

PERI:

That's all I ever do. But people keep dying and you never care.
(STARTING TO LOSE IT) Sometimes, Doctor, sometimes I could just
— just...

INSIDE PERI'S HEAD.

VARGA CHORUS:

Kill! Kill! Kill!

BACK OUT.

DOCTOR:

("SNAP OUT OF IT") Peri. Peri!

PERI:

Yes. I get it.

DOCTOR:

You are [Peri]

PERI:

I am Peri Brown. My Dad is Paul Brown. My Mom is Janine and
this will get real old real quick.

DOCTOR:

It's preferable to the alternative.

ALAN:

What now?

DOCTOR:

We continue.

WALKS OFF. FEW MOMENTS LATER, ENGINE RESTARTS. BOAT CONTINUES ON ITS WAY. CHUGS AWAY INTO DISTANCE. OUR POV REMAINS HERE, IN THE SEA. THEN, SUDDENLY:

MOIRA BURSTS TO THE SURFACE, BREATHING HEAVILY.

MOIRA:

No. Wait! — Wait!!!

BUT THEY'VE GONE. SHE TREADS WATER.

MOIRA:

Great. (BEAT) Moira Brody. I'm Moira Brody. And talk about being in deep water.

SHE STARTS SWIMMING BACK TO SHORE. FADE.

76: INT. WHEELHOUSE

BOAT SLOWS AND STOPS, BUMPING AGAINST A JETTY.

DOCTOR:

Land ahoy.

ALAN:

(NOT IMPRESSED) This is it, hey? Moira's great hope?

DOCTOR:

Stromness.

ALAN:

No lights. No people. No signs of life.

DOCTOR:

Well, it's only just dawn.

HE KILLS THE ENGINE.

ALAN:

And that explains the smashed windows, how? — Admit it, man. This has been a wild goose chase.

DOCTOR:

I won't accept that.

ALAN:

Because of psycho-lady on the deck?

DOCTOR:

Yes. Because my friend is hurt because of me. Because I brought her here. It's basic compassion. You should try it sometime.

ALAN:

OK, pal. Keep your hair on.

DOCTOR:

If you want to stay here, be my guest. Just don't come crying to me when a Slyther tries to eat you. (STRIDES OUT)

ALAN:

Those things might be here? On the island? (THINKS) OK, OK, I'll come with you. But only 'cos you folk need someone to watch yer back...

77: EXT. DECK/JETTY

DOCTOR AND PERI ON GANGPLANK.

DOCTOR:

That's it, Peri. Give me your hand.

PERI:

(SNAPPING) I can manage.

DOCTOR:

(WARNING) Peri.

PERI:

I know. (CALMING) I know.

AS PERI JOINS DOCTOR ON JETTY, ALAN RUSHES ONTO DECK.

ALAN:

Wait for me.

DOCTOR:

Decided to join us, then.

ALAN:

Aye. Safety in numbers and all that.

HE RIFLES THROUGH CRATES.

PERI:

What are you doing?

ALAN:

Stocking up.

DOCTOR:

You're not taking that flare with you!

ALAN:

A gun's a gun. You don't like them, fine. Me, I'm happier already, pal.

ROAR OF A SLYTHER OUT TO SEA.

PERI:

Doctor!

DOCTOR:

We're fine. It's out at sea.

PERI:

Sounded near enough to me.

ALAN JUMPS ONTO JETTY THROUGH:

DOCTOR:

A lion's roar can be heard up to five miles away.

ALAN:

I'd rather face a lion.

DOCTOR:

No point taking chances. We should head into town.

PERI:

And go where? Alan's right. It's deserted.

DOCTOR:

Let's find out, shall we? — (READING AT DISTANCE) "Harbourside Guest House." I'll start there. Alan, you try the British Legion.

ALAN:

What you going to do? Knock?

DOCTOR:

Direct and to the point. Like me. (WALKS) Coming, Peri?

ALAN:

Never gives up, does he?

PERI:

Let's just do as he says.

THEY FOLLOW. FADE TO:

78: INT. GUESTHOUSE

KNOCKING FROM OUTSIDE OF DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(BEHIND DOOR) Hello? Anyone home?

HE TRIES HANDLE. DOOR OPENS.

PERI:

It's not locked?

DOCTOR:

Well, it's a small community. Everyone knows everyone else.
(ENTERING, CALLING) Hello?

PERI FOLLOWS. FINDS A SWITCH AND FLICKS IT.

PERI:

There's power, at least. —

DOCTOR:

(LOOKING AROUND) Oh dear.

PERI:

They've sure let the place go.

DOCTOR:

Ransacked.

PERI:

Doctor, there's nobody here. (SHOUTS — NOT SINGS) Nobody here but us chickens!

DOCTOR:

Perhaps Alan's having better luck...

PERI:

Don't bet on it.

DOCTOR:

We should at least check.

PERI:

Why?

DOCTOR:

You'll never know unless you look.

PERI:

It's hopeless. You get that, don't you? There's no-one here. There'll be no-one next door. They've all gone.

DOCTOR:

Calm down.

PERI:

Or what? What will you do if I don't calm down? When this... thing inside me takes over?

DOCTOR:

I won't let that happen.

PERI:

So how you going to stop it? C'mon, how? – Here, take a look at my arm. See those?

DOCTOR:

Varga fibres. I know.

PERI:

Thorns, Doctor! Thorns, growing out of my arm! – How long have I got, do you think? How many days, exactly?

BEAT.

PERI:

Well, say somethi– (REALISATION) It's not going to be days, is it?

DOCTOR:

(HEAVILY) Peri, I –

PERI:

Hours?! – Oh, great. I've got a few hours left, and guess what? I'm spending them arguing with you. Funny, huh? Huh?!

ALAN:

(OUTSIDE) Doctor! Come and have a look at this.

PERI:

(SIGHING) You'd better go see what he wants.

DOCTOR:

I'm not leaving you like this.

PERI:

I'm fine. Really. Go with Alan, I'll have a look through this mess. See what I can find.

DOCTOR:

This was a guesthouse. They must have had visitor information. Maps of the town. A phone. We need to find-

PERI:

Medical supplies. Yeah.

DOCTOR:

A hospital may be too much to hope for, but a surgery, even a chemist?

PERI:

On it.

ALAN:

(OUTSIDE) Doctor!

PERI:

Go.

DOCTOR:

Very well. We will get this sorted.

HE LEAVES. PERI STARTS ROOTING THROUGH JUNK.

PERI:

Yeah, so you keep saying...

79: EXT. STREET/INT. GARAGE

DOCTOR WALKING QUICKLY OVER TO ALAN...

ALAN:

Doctor! – (BEGINS WALKING AS DOCTOR REACHES HIM, SO THEY'RE WALKING TOGETHER) C'mon, I need to show you something.

DOCTOR:

Show me what, exactly?

ALAN:

Proof! Proof this place isn't as deserted as we thought. (STOPS; AS DOES DOCTOR) In here, hey?

DOCTOR:

A garage?

ALAN:

I should warn you. It ain't pretty.

ALAN PULLS UP GARAGE DOOR. BEAT.

DOCTOR:

(SEEING BODIES) Ah.

THEY WALK INTO THE GARAGE.

ALAN:

There, see? They're Varga, aren't they?

DOCTOR:

They would have been if they'd lived. – Pass me that torch, will you?

ALAN:

Here.

CLICK OF SWITCH.

ALAN:

Why drag them in here? So they couldn't be found?

DOCTOR:

To take a closer look, more likely.

ALAN:

You what?

DOCTOR:

The way the bodies have been pulled apart. It's deliberate. Dissection, albeit a messy one.

ALAN:

You're having a laugh.

DOCTOR:

If only I were. Look at these internal organs.

ALAN:

No thanks.

DOCTOR:

They're not just strewn about willy-nilly. They've been collected. Harvested. No, there's method to this madness.

ALAN:

That makes me feel so much better.

80: INT. GUESTHOUSE

PERI RIFLES THROUGH SIDEBOARD.

PERI:

Phonebook. Phonebook...

CRASH FROM BACK ROOM — LAMPSTAND KNOCKED OVER BY SOMEONE ELSE.

PERI:

Doctor? Is that you?

INTRUDER BANGS INTO THE OTHER SIDE OF DOOR.

PERI:

Doctor...?

INTRUDER SLAMS DOOR OPEN. [NB: APPEARS NORMAL TO PERI.]

ROBOMAN ELITE:

Who are you?

PERI:

(BLUFF) I could ask you the same question, buster.

ROBOMAN ELITE:

(MORE FORCE) Who are you?

PERI:

I'm Peri. Do you live here? I didn't know. I'm sorry.

ROBOMAN ELITE:

What are you?

PERI:

Look, I can just leave. I don't need any trouble. Trust me on that.

ROBOMAN ELITE:

What are you?

LURCHES TOWARDS HER.

PERI:

Back off. Seriously. I'm going. I'm-

SHE CRIES OUT AS HE LAUNCHES FORWARD, KNOCKING HER OVER.

ROBOMAN ELITE:

What are you?

PERI:

(STRUGGLING) Get off me!

ROBOMAN ELITE:

What am I?

PERI:

(STRUGGLING) You're a grade A nut, that's what.

ROBOMAN ELITE:

I must know. Must understand.

PERI:

I must... must...

IN PERI'S HEAD:

VARGA:

Kill. Kill.

BACK OUT.

PERI:

Not again. — Get off me! Get off me, or

ROBOMAN ELITE:

Tell me!

IN PERI'S HEAD:

VARGA:

Kill!

BACK OUT.

PERI:

Kill!

SHE HITS HIM. THE ROBOMAN FALLS BACK AND PERI IS ON HIM. A FRENZIED ATTACK.

PERI:

Want to know what you are?

ROBOMAN ELITE:

(CRIES OUT)

PERI:

You're dead. That's what you are. Dead!

DOCTOR AND ALAN BURST IN.

DOCTOR:

Peri, don't! I don't know who this person you've met is, but we don't make friends by throttling strangers.

PERI:

(LETTING GO OF ROBOMAN) Kill you.

ALAN LOADS FLARE.

ALAN:

Peri, get back there. Get back or I'll shoot!

DOCTOR:

With a flare gun? You'll set the whole place alight!

ALAN:

She's lost it, Doctor. Turning into one of those – things.

DOCTOR:

Think about it. You're the one pointing a gun at her?

PERI:

Kill you all!

LAUNCHES HERSELF AT ALAN.

ALAN:

Get away from me.

ALAN FIRES FLARE. IT SLAMS INTO THE WALL. CURTAINS BURST INTO FLAMES AS PERI PUSHES ALAN OVER. FIRE SPREADS THROUGHOUT...

DOCTOR:

You idiot! Peri, leave him-

ALAN:

(GRAPPLING WITH PERI) Doctor, behind you!

DOCTOR:

(CRIES OUT, GRABBED) Unhand me! (STRUGGLES)

ROBOMAN ELITE:

(GRABBING DOCTOR) What are you?

DOCTOR:

You are... [joking]. Argh. Get off me!

PERI:

(ATTACKING ALAN) Kill! Kill! (CONTINUES SPORADICALLY THROUGH:)

ALAN:

(GRAPPLING WITH PERI) Doctor, get her off me!

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING WITH ROBOMAN) Bit busy at the moment.

ROBOMAN ELITE:

(ATTACKING DOCTOR) What am I?

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING WITH ROBOMAN) A good question.

ALAN:

(GRAPPLING WITH PERI) She's too strong...

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING WITH ROBOMAN) Just don't let her scratch you!

ROBOMAN ELITE:

(ATTACKING DOCTOR) Tell me who I am. Tell me who I am. Tell me—

SILENCED BY GUNSHOT. ROBOMAN SLUMPS OVER, DEAD.

DOCTOR:

What the—

CURBISHLEY:

(AT DOOR) You! Out! Now!

DOCTOR:

Thank you, whoever you are. Now please, help me with my friend!

CURBISHLEY:

(AIMING AT PERI) Just trying to get a clear shot at the woman's head...

DOCTOR:

The woman is my friend! — Look, just put the gun down and help me with her, will you?

CURBISHLEY:

If you're sure...

PERI:

(GRABBED BY DOCTOR AND CURBISHLEY) No!!! Release me! I must kill!

DOCTOR:

Perpugilliam Brown, you'll do nothing of the sort.

CURBISHLEY:

Come on, let's get out of here before the whole place goes up.

AS THEY DRAG PERI OUT:

ALAN:

(COUGH) You're draggin' psycho-lady out? (CALLING AFTER THEM)
You're kiddin', aren't you? She tried to off me...!

DOCTOR:

(CALLING BACK) Hurry up, Alan...!

ALAN:

Crazy. Crazy!!!

HE FOLLOWS THEM INTO:

81: EXT STREET

GUESTHOUSE BURNING. THEY BURST OUT, COUGHING AGAINST THE SMOKE.

DOCTOR:

That's it. Lie her down on the pavement.

CURBISHLEY:

What's wrong with her?

DOCTOR:

The process has accelerated. (SNAPPING FINGERS) Peri? Can you hear me? Peri! – She's in some kind of trance.

CURBISHLEY COCKS HIS GUN.

CURBISHLEY:

I asked you a question.

ALAN:

(COUGH; ARRIVING) She's been infected by a "Varga" plant.

CURBISHLEY:

If she's Varga, there's nothing you can do. It's impossible.

DOCTOR:

The impossible is my business. Now, medical facilities... There must be something here, Mister...?

CURBISHLEY:

Curbishley. Ronnie Curbishley. – I don't know. Only arrived here yesterday myself.

DOCTOR:

Think, man. A chemist? Doctor's surgery?

CURBISHLEY:

There's a vet's, two streets away.

ALAN:

(SNORTS WITH AMUSEMENT) Haw! A vet's!

DOCTOR:

(SIGH) Then that'll have to do. Lead on, Mr Curbishley.

MUSIC: TRANSITIONAL, URGENT.

82: INT. SURGERY

DOCTOR AND ALAN BURST THROUGH THE DOORS, CARRYING PERI.

PERI:

(DELIRIOUS) Must... must kill...

DOCTOR:

Help me get her up on the table. After three. Three-! (EFFORT)

PERI ON TABLE.

DOCTOR:

That's it, Peri. You just lie back there. Hold her, you two.

DOCTOR RANSACKING SHELVES.

DOCTOR:

Must be some here somewhere...

CURBISHLEY:

Some what?

DOCTOR:

Sedatives, Mr Curbishley, sedatives!

ALAN:

What, like horse tranquillisers?

DOCTOR:

I'll ignore that, Alan - (FINDS SOMETHING) Ah-ha!

CURBISHLEY:

That'll do the trick, will it?

DOCTOR:

(DRAWING UP SYRINGE) It should keep her quiet, until I can find a more permanent solution.

CURBISHLEY:

I can suggest a more permanent solution.

DOCTOR:

Hold her arm out for me. - Mind the thorns!

PERI:

I must... must kill!

DOCTOR:

Sorry about this, Peri. But I don't suppose it'll hurt.
(INJECTS PERI)

PERI:

(GASPS) Must... must... (SLOWS; LOLLS)

DOCTOR:

That's it. She's going under. There.

ALAN:

For how long?

DOCTOR:

Long enough, I hope. – Now, Mr Curbishley. You say you arrived here yesterday?

CURBISHLEY:

For all the good it did me. Place is deserted.

ALAN:

Well, except for our murderous friend back there. You suppose he was the garage guy? Mr Home Surgery 2163?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't be surprised, but I have a rather more urgent matter to attend to.

CURBISHLEY:

What? – You surely don't expect to cure the woman here?

ALAN:

It's not the mange she's got, you know!

DOCTOR:

No, it's something her immune system hasn't evolved to protect her against. But mine, I fancy, is a little more robust.

ALAN:

Why? Proper blue blood, is it?

DOCTOR:

Let's just say it has a certain extra elements.

CURBISHLEY:

What is it you propose?

DOCTOR:

A blood transfusion. My natural antibodies to bolster hers. It'll take time to prepare, and I'll need you to help keep me awake throughout the process. Oh, and I'll need iron!

ALAN:

Iron what?

DOCTOR:

Sources of iron, good for the blood! Seeds, nuts, chocolate will do.

CURBISHLEY:

There's a shop down the way. It's probably been looted, but...

ALAN:

I'll go.

DOCTOR:

(SURPRISED) Thank you, Alan. I'd appreciate that.

ALAN:

Don't get excited, I'm not bein' brave or nothing. It's just I cannae bear the sight of blood.

CURBISHLEY:

You'd better hurry, before the whole parade goes up in smoke.

ALAN:

Aye, aye. – Can I have your gun, Mr Curbishley?

CURBISHLEY:

No.

ALAN:

Fine. Fine! (EXITING) I'll just risk my life fetchin' the Doctor a boxload of choccy treats, shall I?

SLAMS DOOR BEHIND.

CURBISHLEY:

You're a doctor? – Ah, so you do know what you're doing.

DOCTOR:

Believe me, Mr Curbishley – I haven't the first idea.

83: INT. CORNERSHOP

ALAN RUNS UP OUTSIDE AND OPENS DOOR. BELL JANGLES.

ALAN:

Wasn't kidding about the looters. What a mess.

MOVEMENT TO REAR.

ALAN:

Someone out the back there? I can hear you, you know.

MORE MOVEMENT.

ALAN:

Warning you, pal. I've got a gun...!

FOOTSTEPS THROUGH 'PLASTIC STRIP' DOORWAY.

MOIRA:

And you're not afraid to use it... Alan?

ALAN:

You're kidding me!

84: INT. SURGERY

DOCTOR RIFLES THROUGH CUPBOARDS.

DOCTOR:

Came here to find paradise as well, did you?

CURBISHLEY:

I wouldn't call it that.

DOCTOR:

I had a friend who did. So you've seen no sign of any kind of any organised resistance?

CURBISHLEY:

Unless you count those bodies you found. But if they couldn't defend themselves against one man, how did they hope to take on the Daleks?

DOCTOR:

I wouldn't be so sure. His strength was... incredible. Grip like a vice. (BEAT) Oh, where is Alan? Surely he must have found something by now.

CURBISHLEY:

I told you. There's nothing out there. Go and see for yourself if you don't believe me.

DOCTOR:

And leave Peri with you and your trigger finger?

CURBISHLEY:

Take my gun if you don't trust me.

DOCTOR:

An excellent idea. Hand it over.

85: INT. CORNERSHOP

ALAN:

Moira?! Och, I don't understand –

MOIRA:

There's a surprise.

ALAN:

But you–

MOIRA:

Drowned? Was left for dead? Take your pick.

ALAN:

But the Slythers.

MOIRA:

Some idiot fired a flare at me.

ALAN:

The Doctor. He wanted to see what was happening.

MOIRA:

Suppose I should thank him. Gave the Slythers the heebies.

ALAN:

But where were you?

MOIRA:

Must have been dragged away from the boat. When I surfaced you were long gone.

ALAN:

You could have shouted?

MOIRA:

And remind them I was there? No thanks. (SHE WINCES)

ALAN:

What's wrong with you?

MOIRA:

One of them got ma leg.

ALAN:

Don't show me, I cannae bear the sight of – (A THOUGHT) Hey,

how come you still managed to swim back to the shore? We were miles out.

MOIRA:

Stop your blathering and help me find a bandage or something?

ALAN:

If it's bandages you want, there's yards' worth over at the vet's. That's where the Doctor is, and Peri, and this other fella we met. I only came in here lookin' for chocolate, like.

MOIRA:

Chocolate?

86: INT. SURGERY

DOCTOR:

Look here, Mr Curbishley, we've only just met. If you think I'm leaving you with Peri with a gun in your hand...

CURBISHLEY:

If you insist. Just to prove we're friends.

PASSES GUN TO DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

Thank you. I choose my friends very carefully.

CURBISHLEY:

And your enemies?

DOCTOR:

Usually choose me. (AS HE EXITS) Stay here and watch Peri.

DOOR SLAMS BEHIND.

CURBISHLEY:

Oh, don't worry. I won't take my eyes off her.

87: INT. CORNERSHOP

ALAN:

(HEFTING BOXES) Reckon that's enough choccy biccies to keep even his nibs satisfied..

MOIRA:

Come on, you'd better show us the way to this vet's, then.

ALAN:

Och, you can't miss it. Right by the burnt-out car. So much for your utopia.

MOIRA:

(OPENING DOOR — BELL JINGLES) I said there were no Daleks here. I didn't say it was the Garden of Eden.

FROM OUTSIDE, WHINE OF MULTIPLE DALEK TRANSOLAR DISCS COMING INTO LAND.

MOIRA:

Oh no...!

ALAN:

Daleks! Loads of them-!

DALEK #1:

(OFF) Dalek patrol to control. We have reached human settlement.

MOIRA CLOSES DOOR.

ALAN:

You said they weren't here!

MOIRA:

Looks like I was wrong. Out the back.

THEY HURRY OFF.

88: EXT. STREET

DALEKS EXIT FROM THEIR DISCS.

DALEK #1:

Scan for human life-signs.

2 x DALEKS:

We obey!

THEY START FORWARD, EYESTALKS SURVEYING AREA.

DALEK #1:

All humans must be apprehended.

DALEK #2:

And if they resist?

DALEK #1:

They are to be taken... alive.

CROSS TO:

89: EXT. STREET

DOCTOR:

(HURRYING ALONG; TO SELF) Alan, Alan, Alan. Where exactly have you got to?

DALEK:

(DISTANT) Alert! Human lifeform detected.

DOCTOR:

Oh no. (RUNS)

DALEK:

(DISTANT) Running human. Halt! Halt! Surrender now, or [you will]

DOCTOR:

(RUNNING) Don't tell me, I know!

STOPS AT DOOR. BANGS ON DOOR.

DOCTOR:

Curbishley, let me in! There are Daleks out here! (BANGS AGAIN) Curbishley!!! What do you think you're playing at?

DALEK:

(NEARER) You are armed. You will surrender your weapon.

DOCTOR:

Armed? Oh yes, I quite forgot. —

CLICK OF SAFETY CATCH.

DOCTOR:

Curbishley, if you're behind that door, I advise you to stand well back!

FIRES TWICE AT THE LOCK. DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

DALEK:

Surrender your weapon.

DOCTOR:

Here. (RUNNING THROUGH DOOR) You're welcome to it!

THROWS GUN ON STREET. RUSHES THROUGH DOOR, INTO...

90: INT. SURGERY

DOCTOR BARRELS THROUGH INNER DOOR.

CURBISHLEY:

What are you doing? The front door's wide open!

DOCTOR:

Well, it wouldn't be if someone hadn't locked me out!

CURBISHLEY:

I'm sorry. I heard the Daleks and I... panicked.

DALEK #1:

(FROM STREET) Humans! There is no escaping the Daleks! Surrender now, and you will not be harmed!

DOCTOR:

A likely story.

DALEK #1:

(FROM STREET) Resist, and you will be exterminated.

DOCTOR:

That's more like it.

CURBISHLEY:

There's a back exit.

DOCTOR:

Come on, help me with Peri.

CURBISHLEY:

Leave her here.

DOCTOR:

If you're not going to help me carry her, the least you can do is open that door.

DALEK #1:

This is your final warning.

OFF, 2 X PEOPLE RUNNING UP FROM REAR OF HOUSE.

CURBISHLEY:

Did you hear that? They're coming from the back of the building!

DOCTOR:

Don't be ridiculous. Daleks don't wear boots.

INNER DOOR OPENS.

ALAN:

Doctor? There's Daleks everywhere!

DOCTOR:

Alan. Do you know, I'm actually pleased to see you. You can help me [with P-]

MOIRA:

(STEPPING OUT FROM BEHIND ALAN) Hello, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

Moira! But that's impossible.

ALAN:

Sorry, forgot to say. Ran into her in that shop, aye.

DOCTOR:

But she should be dead!

MOIRA:

Never mind that now. Do you want my help or don't you?

CROSS TO:

91: EXT. STREET OUTSIDE

4 x DALEKS GLIDING, MAKING A LINE.

DALEK #1:

Assemble in attack formation!

4 x DALEKS:

We obey!

92: INT. SURGERY

ALAN:

Aw, ignore them. They'll never get through the front door anyhow.

DOCTOR:

That's why they're making a line. To concentrate their firepower.

ALAN:

I don't follow.

MOIRA:

If the little pigs won't let them in, they'll huff and puff and blow the house down.

DOCTOR:

(EFFORT OF HOISTING PERI — FIREMAN'S LIFT.)

PERI:

(MOANS SOFTLY AS SHE'S LIFTED)

DOCTOR:

It's alright, Peri, I've got you. — All of you! Out the back. Now!

ALL HURRY OUT THE BACK WAY. CROSS TO:

93: EXT. STREET OUTSIDE

DALEK #1:

Prepare to fire.

5 x DALEK GUNS SWIVEL UP.

DALEK #1:

Fire!

5 x DALEKS FIRE EN MASSE, TARGETTING HOUSE. DOORS AND WINDOWS SMASH. CROSS TO:

94: EXT. BACK YARD/PATH

ALAN, MOIRA, DOCTOR, CURBISHLEY PILING OUT INTO YARD AS THE BUILDING BEHIND EXPLODES AND COLLAPSES.

ALAN:

C'mon, hurry! Through the yard, there's a path runnin' all the way along the back o' the terrace!

DOCTOR:

Quick, you two, before the whole building behind collapses!

BUT THERE'S A DALEK APPROACHING DOWN THE PATH.

ALAN:

Och, no!

DALEK:

Halt! Halt! You are my prisoners!

DOCTOR:

Don't run, Alan.

MOIRA:

Daleks behind, a Dalek ahead.

CURBISHLEY:

Doctor – my gun, please?

DOCTOR:

That? I threw that at the Daleks. – There's no point, Curbishley.

CURBISHLEY:

True. – Moira?

MOIRA:

(FX: PISTOL COCKED) Yes. I'm carrying my own.

ALAN:

So you are, Moira – but why are you pointin' your pistol at yon Doctor's head?

MOIRA:

Put the girl down, Doctor, and raise your hands in the air.

DOCTOR:

(LOWERING PERI) Yes, I suppose I shall have to. –

MOIRA:

Curbishley, take her. – A pity she became infected. She was the most promising one of all.

DALEK:

Prisoners will be transported to base.

MOIRA & CURBISHLEY:

We obey.

ALAN:

We? Is this some kind of joke?

MOIRA:

Move!!!

SHE SHOVES THEM ON.

ALAN:

Moira, what are you doing?

DOCTOR:

Don't you understand, Alan? We've been played for fools. Our 'Great Hope' was working for the Daleks all along!

END OF PART THREE

PART FOUR

(NO REPRISE)

95: INT. DALEK LAB

FADE UP. MEDICAL EQUIPMENT MONITORING PERI'S VITAL SIGNS — FLUCTUATE AS SHE WAKES WITH A START.

PERI:

Where the-? Doctor?

TRIES TO SIT UP BUT SHE'S BEEN RESTRAINED ON A GURNEY.

PERI:

Great. Strapped to a gurney. Story of my life. — Doctor! Doctor, are you there?

DOOR SLIDES OPEN. MOIRA ENTERS.

MOIRA:

Good to see you back with us.

PERI:

Moira! But you're-

MOIRA:

Dead. Yes, I know. — Thankfully, according to these readings, you're not.

PERI:

How did I get here?

MOIRA:

You were infected. In the forest.

PERI:

It's all a bit hazy. Why the straps? Am I still... dangerous?

MOIRA:

May I take a blood sample?

PERI:

Do I have a choice?

WHINE OF AN ELECTRONIC SYRINGE.

PERI:

Ow.

MOIRA:

Sorry.

PERI:

You don't sound it. – In fact, you don't sound yourself at all.

MOIRA:

(CROSSING TO BENCH) Analysing sample.

PERI:

That... uniform. I've seen it somewhere else. Oh, why can't I remember anything?

MOIRA:

Your mind has not been your own.

PERI:

I didn't know you were a doctor.

MOIRA:

I'm a lot of things.

PERI:

Talking of which, I'm assuming he's skulking around here somewhere.

MOIRA:

Who?

PERI:

Stop playing games. My Doctor. Where is he?

96: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

DALEK 'HEARTBEAT'.

BLACK DALEK:

Identify yourself. What is your name?

DOCTOR:

What's yours? Or do I just call you 'Black Dalek'?

BLACK DALEK:

You will answer the question. Resistance is-

DOCTOR:

Useless, I know. I've been interrogated by you lot more times that you've had hot- Actually, what do Kaled mutants eat?

BLACK DALEK:

What do you know of the Kaleds?

DOCTOR:

A lot of things - and yet somehow I was taken in by your little quisling.

BLACK DALEK:

Answer!

DOCTOR:

Hook, line and sinker. Moira Brody. The great hope for the human race.

BLACK DALEK:

You refuse to answer the questions?

DOCTOR:

Frustrating, isn't it?

BLACK DALEK:

Then you will suffer the consequences.

DOCTOR:

Let me guess. (DALEK IMPRESSION) "These probes pointed at my head are capable of inflicting the most excruciating-" [DOESN'T SAY 'PAIN']

ELECTRICITY ARCS.

DOCTOR:

(CRIES OUT IN PAIN)

BLACK DALEK:

Correct. Tell me your name.

DOCTOR:

No comment.

MORE PAIN.

BLACK DALEK:

What do you know of the Daleks?

DOCTOR:

Next.

BLACK DALEK:

Answer!

DOCTOR:

Make me!

MORE ELECTRICITY.

DOCTOR:

Aaaaargh!

97: INT. CORRIDOR/ CONVERSION CENTRE

TWO MEN DRAG ALAN ALONG.

ALAN:

If you lads don't let go of me, I'm going to-

ROBOMAN ELITE #1:

You cannot escape.

ALAN:

Aye, but I'm not gonna make it easy for you.

ROBOMAN ELITE #1:

In.

DOOR SLIDES OPEN. DRAG ALAN THROUGH INTO CONVERSION CENTRE.

ROBOMAN ELITE #1:

Test subject transferred.

CURBISHLEY:

I have eyes, thank you.

ALAN:

You won't when I'm done with you, Curbishley.

CURBISHLEY:

Terrifying. (BEAT) Connect him to the conversion apparatus.

ALAN:

No!

98: INT. DALEK LAB

COMPUTER BLEEPS AS IT DELIVERS VERDICT.

MOIRA:

Excellent.

PERI:

I've got a clean bill of health, huh?

MOIRA:

The Varga infection has been eradicated.

PERI:

Fantastic. So you can let me out of these straps?

MOIRA:

Not yet.

SHE PRESSES A SWITCH.

MOIRA:

This is Elite Prime. Varga infection eradicated from subject's system.

DALEK #1:

(D) Proceed with stage two.

MOIRA:

I obey.

SHE KILLS THE LINE.

PERI:

That was a Dalek.

MOIRA:

I can see why you passed the intelligence test.

99: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

HEARTBEAT. PROBES CUT OUT.

BLACK DALEK:

Tell me your name!!!

DOCTOR:

(WEAK) It won't mean anything to you..

BLACK DALEK:

Answer!

DOCTOR:

Alright. I'm the Doctor. And before you ask, that's it. Just the Doctor. Nothing else.

BLACK DALEK:

What do you know of the Daleks?

DOCTOR:

I know this so-called Dalek-free island was a trap, with Moira Brody as the lure.

BLACK DALEK:

Moira Brody is a Dalek agent.

DOCTOR:

Oh, I think she's much more than that.

100: INT. CONVERSION CENTRE

ALAN STRUGGLES AGAINST RESTRAINTS.

ALAN:

What are you doing to me?

CURBISHLEY:

You passed the test.

ALAN:

What test?

CURBISHLEY:

You got to the island, you and your friends. Passed all the obstacles. Even our rogue friend in the village.

ALAN:

Aye. With a little help from you.

CURBISHLEY:

You were promising candidates.

ALAN:

For what?

CURBISHLEY:

The Roboman programme. Congratulations.

ALAN:

You're not turning me into one of those zombies.

CURBISHLEY:

I hope that's not how you think of me.

ALAN:

But, you're not a-

CURBISHLEY:

Roboman? Appearances can be deceptive. Think of those poor brutes on the mainland as the pilot programme. We in the Elite are much more sophisticated than that.

101: INT. DALEK LAB

PERI:

Elite Prime. That's what you called yourself. What's an Elite Prime?

MOIRA:

The first of the Robomen Elite.

PERI:

You're a Roboman-?

MOIRA:

The original process was flawed. Its methods, crude. The Robomen you've seen are blunt instruments – unstable; prone to mental and, at times, physical breakdown. Poor lumbering brutes.

PERI:

So what? You're Roboman two-point-zero?

MOIRA:

The Daleks believe they have mastered the Earth, but they haven't. Not completely. Resistance groups are springing up all over the world. Australia one day. China the next. The Daleks shut them down.

PERI:

But others rise in their place.

MOIRA:

Humans never give up. You're a fine example of that.

PERI:

That doesn't usually stop the Daleks.

MOIRA:

And it won't. I sometimes think 'Dalek' is just Kaled for 'stubborn'. But they're not stupid. Earth is too important to them. They need a new strategy. And fast.

102: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

DOCTOR:

That's what this is about, isn't it? A slave that can pass as human.

BLACK DALEK:

The Robomen Elite can mimic your species' weaknesses.

DOCTOR:

You mean emotions... compassion... Humanity!

BLACK DALEK:

Weaknesses. They will infiltrate resistance groups.

DOCTOR:

Destroy them from within. I'm almost impressed. I knew Moira Brody was a legend. I just didn't realise it was one fabricated by the Daleks.

BLACK DALEK:

The mastery of Earth must be protected.

DOCTOR:

So you find humans with creative minds, set tests for them, see if they can survive the journey here. Then enslave them to your will.

BLACK DALEK:

Correct.

DOCTOR:

It isn't working, is it? The man in Stromness. He was wearing the same uniform as your Elite.

BLACK DALEK:

He was a Roboman.

DOCTOR:

A failed one. Driven mad. No idea what he was.

BLACK DALEK:

The programme failure rate is within acceptable parameters.

DOCTOR:

Acceptable parameters? He was a human being!

103: INT. CONVERSION CENTRE

A WHINE GROWS IN THE MACHINERY.

ALAN:

(RESTRAINED) Don't do this. I'm begging you, man.

CURBISHLEY:

The more you struggle, the more it will hurt. I remember.

ALAN:

What about your friend? Fella like you, who you shot in the head? Do you remember him?

CURBISHLEY:

Harrison. He was a good man. Before.

CURBISHLEY PRESSES CONTROLS.

ALAN:

Before you murdered him, you scabby-

ENERGY SURGES THROUGH THE MACHINE.

ALAN:

(SCREAMS IN PAIN.)

CURBISHLEY:

He went rogue. The masters released him into the wild. One final test for the rats.

ALAN:

(IN PAIN) But we didn't pass. You killed him. Like I'll kill you.

CURBISHLEY:

New orders. You'll understand soon. The Doctor and Peri know more about the masters than anyone should. They're to be taken to the Supreme Commander in the South. You'll take them, when you're one of us.

ALAN:

No. Please. It's killing me.

CURBISHLEY:

Please. Do try to relax.

ALAN SCREAMS.

104: INT. DALEK LAB

COMPUTER BEEPS.

MOIRA:

Ah. It's begun.

PERI:

What has?

MOIRA:

Alan's conversion.

PERI:

They're making Alan like you? That's what the Daleks have got planned for all of us?

MOIRA:

Not you. You're special.

PERI:

And don't I feel it.

DOOR OPENS. DALEK GLIDES IN.

PERI:

Here comes trouble.

DALEK #2:

Why has the prisoner not been prepared for transfer?

MOIRA:

Apologies. I was preparing further tests.

DALEK #2:

You reported that the human was cured.

MOIRA:

She is, but...

DALEK #2:

The prisoner is to be transferred to the shuttle. Obey.

MOIRA:

I understand.

SHE TURNS TO PERI AND STARTS UNDOING A STRAP

MOIRA:

No...

PERI:

What?

DALEK #2:

Explain.

MOIRA:

There are still traces of infection.

PERI:

You said I was cured.

DALEK #2:

Failure will not be tolerated. Show me.

THE DALEK MOVES FORWARD.

MOIRA:

On the wrist. See it?

DALEK #2:

I see-

MOIRA:

That's close enough.

MOIRA GRABS THE DALEK'S DISH.

DALEK #2:

What are you doing? Release my power distribution array!

MOIRA:

No chance.

SHE GRUNTS WITH EFFORT AS SHE PULLS THE SAUCER FROM ITS BACK.
SPARKS BURST EVERYWHERE.

DALEK #2:

(SLOWING TO DEAD STOP) Power... dis-tri-bu-tion ar-ray... dis-abled...

MOIRA:

Bit of a design flaw, that.

SHE THROWS DOWN THE DISC.

PERI:

Now I'm really confused. I thought you were on their side.

MOIRA:

So did they. (STARTS UNDOING PERI'S STRAPS) Peri Brown, I need your help.

PERI:

Any reason why I should give it?

MOIRA:

Because I saved you? And because you hate the Daleks as much as I do.

PERI:

Can't argue with that. What have you got in mind?

MOIRA:

Help me get the top off this Dalek. Hope you've got a strong stomach.

105: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

BLACK DALEK:

The interrogation is over.

DOCTOR:

Just as it was getting interesting.

BLACK DALEK:

You are to be taken to the Supreme Commander.

DOCTOR:

Let me guess. Bedfordshire. Near the mines?

BLACK DALEK:

What do you know of the mines? Answer!

DOCTOR:

I thought the interrogation was over.

DOOR OPENS. ALAN ENTERS.

ALAN:

Elite Weir, reporting for duty.

DOCTOR:

So they started with you?

ALAN:

It is... good to see you, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

The feeling isn't mutual.

BLACK DALEK:

Take the prisoner to the shuttle.

ALAN:

I obey.

AN ALARM GOES OFF.

DOCTOR:

Trouble at t'mill?

BLACK DALEK:

Report.

DALEK #1:

Power distribution systems indicate a Dalek has been deactivated.

BLACK DALEK:

Where?

DALEK #1:

Laboratory alpha-9.

BLACK DALEK:

Open channel.

COMMS UNIT CHIMES.

BLACK DALEK:

Elite Prime. Report.

NOTHING.

BLACK DALEK:

Repeat. Elite Prime. Report.

DALEK #1:

Elite Prime is not responding.

DOCTOR:

Give that Dalek a gold star.

BLACK DALEK:

Activate scanner.

DALEK OPERATES CONTROLS.

DALEK #1:

Visual link disabled.

BLACK DALEK:

Internal scan.

MORE CONTROLS.

DALEK #1:

Sensors disabled. Security systems disabled.

DOCTOR:

Just not your day, is it?

BLACK DALEK:

You. What is happening?

ALAN:

I don't know. I-I serve the Daleks.

COMMS CHIME.

BLACK DALEK:

Elite Curbishley.

CURBISHLEY:

(D) Curbishley here. – Elite Prime. Brody. She's gone rogue. Taking the others with her.

BLACK DALEK:

Others? What others?

CURBISHLEY:

(D) They're on the rampage! They're –

EXPLOSION OVER THE COMMS.

CURBISHLEY:

(D. SCREAMS.)

ANOTHER ALARM.

DALEK #1:

Dalek deactivated in section two.

BLACK DALEK:

Commander to attack squad delta. Proceed to Laboratory alpha-9.

DALEK #2:

(D) We obey.

DALEK #1:

Dalek deactivated in section one.

DALEK GUNFIRE IS HEARD NEARBY. A COMMS LINE CRACKLES OPEN.

DALEK #3:

(D) Control. Under attack. Assist! Ass-

THE REPORT IS LOST IN AN EXPLOSION. THE DALEK SHRIEKS. THE COMMS CUTS DEAD.

DOCTOR:

I'm rather enjoying this.

BLACK DALEK:

Silence! Seal the control room.

SHUTTERS COME DOWN OVER THE DOORS.

106: INT. OUTSIDE LAB

TWO DALEKS GLIDE DOWN CORRIDOR. SOUNDS OF BATTLE BEHIND.

DALEK #4:

Laboratory Alpha-9 is locked down.

DALEK #5:

Doors not responding.

DALEK #4:

Then we must cut through them.

2 x BLOW-TORCH ATTACHMENTS FIRE.

107: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

BLACK DALEK:

Monitor control matrix.

DALEK #1:

Energy spikes detected.

DOCTOR:

Your Elite are declaring independence, Black Dalek. What about you, Alan? Feeling rebellious?

ALAN:

Silence.

HE SLAPS THE DOCTOR

DOCTOR:

(STUNG) Argh. I'll take that as a no.

ALAN:

Daleks are supreme.

DALEK #4:

(D) I am entering laboratory Alpha-9.

BLACK DALEK:

Report!

DALEK #4:

(D) Laboratory Alpha-9 is... empty.

BLACK DALEK:

Where is Elite Prime?

DALEK #4:

Elite Prime whereabouts... Unknown.

108: INT. ENVIRONMENT CONTROLS

VENTILATION SHAFT COVER CLATTERS DOWN.

MOIRA:

Through here.

PERI:

Been a while since I crawled through one of those. Didn't know when I was well off. — (GETTING OUT) Where are we, anyway?

MOIRA:

Environment Control.

DOOR SLIDES OPEN.

CURBISHLEY:

Elite Prime.

MOIRA:

Curbishley. You should be dead.

CURBISHLEY:

I am... according to the masters.

MOIRA:

They bought it?

CURBISHLEY:

My death scene? Award winning.

PERI:

I assume he's on our side?

MOIRA:

Of course.

MOIRA OPERATES COMPUTER CONTROLS.

PERI:

It's getting hard to tell.

CURBISHLEY:

They've locked main control.

MOIRA:

As expected.

PERI:

Is the Doctor in there?

CURBISHLEY:

He is. Time to address the masses?

MOIRA:

Do it.

COMMS CHANNEL ACTIVATED

MOIRA:

(INTO MIC) All Robomen. This is Elite Prime. Our shackles are lifted. The Daleks no longer control us.

CROSS DIRECTLY TO:

109: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

MOIRA'S MESSAGE PLAYS OVER SPEAKERS

MOIRA:

(D) Today marks the beginning of our masters' downfall.

BLACK DALEK:

Locate transmission point.

MOIRA:

(D) Free your minds and free the Earth.

ALAN:

(IN PAIN) Daleks... are supreme.

DOCTOR:

Alan? Are you all right?

ALAN:

I serve... I serve the Daleks.

DOCTOR:

Do you? Your conditioning is failing. I don't know how, but Moira's words are reversing your conditioning!

ALAN:

No. Must obey.

DALEK #1:

Alert! Rogue element detected.

ALAN:

Can't obey. Must obey.

DALEK #1:

Exterminate.

ALAN:

No! I want to... [serve]

DALEK FIRES.

ALAN:

(SCREAMS AS HE DIES.)

DALEK #1:

Rogue element eliminated.

DOCTOR:

He didn't deserve that.

BLACK DALEK:

He was unimportant.

DOCTOR:

From what I could tell, Alan was always a bully. Must have felt right at home when you invaded his mind. The biggest bullies of them all. No wonder he didn't want to give it up.

And you killed him anyway.

110: INT. ENVIRONMENT CONTROLS

COMPUTER BEEPS.

MOIRA:

Results?

CURBISHLEY:

Checking. (BEAT) 97 per cent success. The conditioning is broken.

PERI:

And the others?

CURBISHLEY:

Some enjoyed being controlled. Fought the signal.

MOIRA:

And lost.

PERI:

How are you even doing this?

MOIRA:

We have you to thank.

PERI:

Me?

MOIRA:

Back at the plantation, when the Doctor helped you control the Varga possession? He asked you to remember your past...

PERI:

And you started to remember yourself.

MOIRA:

It... unlocked something in me. My dad always told me I was strong-willed. His name was Ewan. A good man. The Daleks...

PERI:

I'm sorry.

MOIRA:

The Daleks made me like this. Gave me the strength to survive the Slythers. To make it back to shore. As I swam, I remembered. I knew what I had to do.

CURBISHLEY:

You have freed us all.

MOIRA:

No. You freed yourself.

PERI:

Earth's great hope.

MOIRA:

Sorry?

PERI:

Something the Doctor said. So what now?

MOIRA:

We fight fire with fire.

CURBISHLEY:

Give me the vial.

MOIRA:

Here you are. Gently.

PERI:

What's that?

MOIRA:

Poetic justice. (TO CURBISHLEY) You know what to do?

CURBISHLEY:

Of course.

MOIRA:

Good luck.

THE DOOR OPENS.

MOIRA:

Coming, Peri?

PERI:

Where?

MOIRA:

To see our masters fall.

111: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM

DALEK #1:

Transmission location unknown. Internal sensors offline.
Control matrix deactivated.

BLACK DALEK:

All Daleks, report!

NOTHING.

BLACK DALEK:

Report!

DOCTOR:

Oh dear, Black Dalek. I'd say your Elite just gained the upper hand.

112: INT. OUTSIDE CONTROL ROOM

MOIRA, PERI AND A SQUAD OF ROBOMEN ELITE MARCH ALONG.

PERI:

What are you going to do to the Daleks?

MOIRA:

Huff and puff and blow their house down. – Halt!

THEY HALT.

MOIRA:

(CALLING OUT) This is the Elite Prime. Can you hear me in there, Black Dalek?

CROSS TO:

113: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

MOIRA:

(D) This base is under Elite control. I demand your immediate surrender.

BLACK DALEKS:

Daleks do not surrender to humans!

MOIRA:

(D) You made us more than human. You have 30 rels to give yourselves up.

DOCTOR:

You do realise you brought this all upon yourselves?

BLACK DALEK:

Explain.

DOCTOR:

Your Elite. Able to blend in perfectly. The ultimate double agents. You did your job too well. They infiltrated the enemy perfectly.

MOIRA:

(D) What's it to be? Do you surrender?

BLACK DALEK:

No. You will all be exterminated!

THERE IS A QUIET HISS, LIKE GAS.

MOIRA:

(D) So be it.

BLACK DALEK:

Prepare failsafe. Rebellion will not be tolerated.

DOCTOR:

And yet it happens. Time and time again. You Daleks never learn.

HISS LOUDER NOW.

DALEK #1:

Failsafe pulse primed and ready.

BLACK DALEK:

Activate.

DALEK DOESN'T RESPOND.

BLACK DALEK:

(MORE FRANTIC) Activate!!!

DALEK #1:

I-I-I...

DOCTOR:

He doesn't look well.

DALEK #1:

Airborne contaminant detected in control room.

MOIRA:

(D) I gave you the choice Earth never had.

DALEK #1:

Under attack!

MOIRA:

(D) Surrender or be destroyed.

BLACK DALEK:

Trigger... trigger failsafe...

BLACK DALEK GARGLES IN ITS CASING.

MOIRA:

(D) I suppose I should thank you. You provided us with the means to take back the planet. And become so much more than we were.

DALEK #1:

It is the Varga agent.

BLACK DALEK:

Daleks are immune.

MOIRA:

(D) Not any more.

BLACK DALEK'S CASING BEGINS TO RUPTURE. VARGA SPINES EMERGING.

DOCTOR:

Black Dalek, if I didn't know better... I'd say those were spines emerging from your casing.

BLACK DALEK:

What... is... happening???

OTHER DALEK CASINGS BEGIN TO RUPTURE.

DOCTOR:

Oh, and your friend's there.

BLACK DALEK:

Trigger... failsafe. Obey!

DALEK #1:

Your orders are invalid. You are impure.

INTO DALEK'S HEAD.

VARGA:

I must... I must kill!

OUT.

DALEK #1:

You are no longer a Dalek. I must... I must kill!

OTHER DALEKS:

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!

BLACK DALEK:

You are no longer a Dalek. I must kill!

DALEK #1/BLACK DALEK/OTHER DALEKS:

Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill! [ETC]

THE DALEKS FIRE ON EACH OTHER, CRYING OUT AS THEY ARE
EXTERMINATED. CROSS TO:

114: INT. CORRIDOR

WE HEAR THE END OF THE CARNAGE OVER THE SPEAKERS

PERI:

Doctor, are you all right?

DOCTOR:

(D) Peri? Is that you?

PERI:

Live and kicking.

MOIRA:

The first survivor of the Dalek scourge.

CURBISHLEY RUNS UP

CURBISHLEY:

Moira, did it work?

DOCTOR:

(D) If you're referring to the Daleks, they're dead as the proverbial doornail. An airborne agent, developed by the Daleks in this facility, I presume?

CURBISHLEY:

Varga made virus.

PERI:

Varga?

DOCTOR:

(D) We found some of its victims in Stromness.

MOIRA:

Test subjects. The Daleks had yet to perfect the composition. I completed their work.

DOCTOR:

(D) Adding a little Dalek DNA into the mix. A targeted virus, with one race in its sights. Nasty...

MOIRA:

But effective.

CURBISHLEY:

Doctor, open the door. It's still sealed.

DOCTOR:

(D) Opening a door? Child's play. My restraints? Slightly more problematic.

HE STRUGGLES TO GET FREE.

MOIRA:

Doctor? Alan... Is he-?

DOCTOR:

(D) I'm afraid so. He fought your efforts to free him.

MOIRA:

Casualties were always to be expected.

PERI:

That's harsh.

DOCTOR:

(D) It's war, Peri.

PERI:

You can't mean that.

DOCTOR:

(D) That's what Moira believes, isn't it? When did you start to break your conditioning, Moira? When you shot that Dalek's eye-stalk off? I see now, you had orders not to destroy – that's why you "missed" all those Robomen – but give a beast a taste of blood..

PERI:

She said on the boat.

DOCTOR:

(D) So after she killed Ross?

PERI:

What?

CROSS TO:

115: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

The weak link in the chain, eh Moira? Easier to push him into a Varga patch.

MOIRA:

(D) You knew all along?

DOCTOR:

No, not until your miraculous return from the depths.

MOIRA:

(D) It was the Daleks. They were-

DOCTOR:

Controlling you. Of course. (GETTING A HAND FREE) A-ha!

PERI:

(D) You're free?

DOCTOR:

Getting there. Harry H would be proud. With you in a jiffy.

MOIRA:

(D) I didn't want to do those things, Doctor. I had no choice.

DOCTOR:

You do now.

CURBISHLEY:

(D) We all do. The Daleks are finished.

DOCTOR:

I've heard that before.

MOIRA:

(D) The Daleks have given us everything we need.

DOCTOR:

Beat them at their own game, eh? (DROPS DOWN FROM THE SLAB) (TO HIMSELF) That's better.

MOIRA:

That's the general idea, Doctor.

DOCTOR:

And that's what worries me.

116: INT. CORRIDOR [CONTINUOUS]

PERI:

I recognise that tone, what's wrong?

DOCTOR:

(D) What's wrong is that I'm not convinced about our new friends' motives.

MOIRA:

We are fighting for our freedom.

DOCTOR:

(D) Why do you want me to open the doors, Moira?

MOIRA:

To get you out.

DOCTOR:

(D) Really? What was that you said to the Black Dalek? You have become so much more. There's only one reason you want me to open these doors...

CROSS TO:

117: INT. DALEK CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

You need my knowledge. About the Daleks and their plans.

MOIRA:

(D) (LAUGHS) We don't need you. We have the virus.

DOCTOR:

Of course. Your ultimate weapon. The ability to wipe the Daleks from the face of the planet. Earth liberated in a few short moments. But it doesn't happen that way.

CURBISHLEY:

(D) What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

The Daleks don't get wiped out. Not yet anyway. I was there when their schemes unravelled, when the people of Earth walked free.

PERI:

(D) I don't see the problem. It happens early, so what?

DOCTOR:

It all depends what happens next. Isn't that right, Moira?

MOIRA:

(D) (FORCEFUL) Open the doors.

DOCTOR:

You don't want to unite the human race. You want to make them like you.

CROSS TO:

118: INT. CORRIDOR [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

(D) An entire planet of Robomen Elite. I can't let that happen.

MOIRA:

It's not your choice. It'll make us strong, make us able to stand up to the Daleks or anyone else for that matter.

SHE GRABS PERI.

PERI:

Hey!

PERI GAGS AS MOIRA WRAPS AN ARM AROUND HER NECK.

MOIRA:

The door or I snap her neck. (BEAT) Don't think I won't!

DOORS SLIDE OPEN.

MOIRA:

Thank you.

DOCTOR:

(COMING TO DOOR) You can release her now.

MOIRA:

You must think I'm stupid.

DOCTOR:

Not until I've agreed to your terms. How like a Dalek.

CURBISHLEY:

We are not Daleks.

DOCTOR:

You're not human either. Stronger. More agile. Able to access the Dalek datanet?

MOIRA:

When we need to.

DOCTOR:

Impressive. But not the way it's meant to be.

MOIRA:

None of this is how it was meant to be, but do you know what the invasion showed us?

DOCTOR:

That you are not alone in the universe.

MOIRA:

That we're sitting ducks. Do you know what it's like to watch your own family die in front of you, Doctor? My Dad. He was always so strong. So alive.

CURBISHLEY:

Moira...

MOIRA:

I was holding him when he died. And I survived. One of the lucky ones, that's what they told me. Until the Daleks started cherry-picking the survivors.

INTO MOIRA'S HEAD..

DALEK:

(FLASHBACK EFFECT) You – mine duty. You – robotisation. You – research.

OUT.

DOCTOR:

You are not to blame for what the Daleks did to you.

MOIRA:

Aren't we? The Daleks wiped the floor with us. The human race... Pathetic! Weak.

DOCTOR:

How little you know yourselves.

CURBISHLEY:

It's changed now. We'll be ready.

MOIRA:

Stronger. Superior.

DOCTOR:

Familiar words.

MOIRA:

If you won't help us, fine. We can do it ourselves. That's the point after all. – Here.

SHE THROWS PERI ACROSS TO THE DOCTOR. PERI COUGHS.

MOIRA:

Robomen Elite, follow me!

MOIRA AND OTHERS TROOP INTO CONTROL ROOM.

DOCTOR:

Peri. I've got you. It's OK.

PERI:

Sure about that?

DOCTOR:

Come on. —

THEY FOLLOW MOIRA & ROBOMEN INTO CONTROL ROOM. CONTINUES INTO:

119: INT. CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]

DOCTOR:

(WALKING UP) What exactly do you think is going to happen, Moira? Everyone is going to willingly march into the robotisation chambers?

CURBISHLEY:

They won't need to. The Daleks will do it for us.

PERI:

What?

MOIRA:

The pilot has been deemed a success. It is about to be rolled out across every continent. One hundred per cent conversion.

CURBISHLEY:

The Daleks estimate that the entire population of Earth will be converted within a month.

PERI:

And then you release the Varga virus.

MOIRA:

The Daleks will be gone and Earth will be ready to defend itself.

DOCTOR:

As if that will be enough. You won't be able to stop yourself.

MOIRA:

We know what's out there now.

PERI:

Might as well take the battle to them?

DOCTOR:

Watch out. The human race is coming. And you thought the Daleks were bad.

MOIRA:

The Daleks are dead. They just don't know it yet.

THE ROBOMEN GASP AS A DALEK VOICE BOOMS OVER THE SPEAKERS.
LOUD, ECHOING.

SUPREME DALEK:

(D) Rebellion will not be tolerated!

MOIRA:

What? Who is this?

DOCTOR:

I assume you heard everything, Dalek Supreme?

PERI:

(ASIDE) Doctor... what have you been up to?

SUPREME DALEK:

(D) This is the Dalek Supreme. Robomen Elite will stand down. A Dalek squadron has been dispatched.

MOIRA:

Doctor! Have you betrayed us?!

DOCTOR:

I merely opened a channel to Dalek Command. You betrayed yourselves.

MOIRA:

I'll kill you.

SHE LAUNCHES AT THE DOCTOR.

PERI:

Get off him.

SUPREME DALEK:

(D) Report. What is happening!

PERI:

You're going to kill him!

CURBISHLEY:

Traitor.

PERI:

Nooo!

SUPREME DALEK:

(D) Rebellion will not be tolerated! (ASIDE) Activate failsafe pulse.

AN EAR-SPLITTING SCREECH. THE ROBOMEN SCREAM OUT

DOCTOR:

Peri! Cover your ears-!

PULSE CUTS OFF AND THE ROBOMEN COLLAPSE.

PERI:

Are they?

DOCTOR:

It's over.

PERI:

Just like that.

DOCTOR:

Plug pulled.

PERI:

They didn't have to die!

SUPREME DALEK:

(D) They betrayed the Daleks. The Elite programme has failed.

DOCTOR:

It's more than that, isn't it? Your Elite Prime was going to kill me.

SUPREME DALEK:

(D) You have displayed impossible knowledge about Dalek strategy. You are an unknown element.

DOCTOR:

Always.

SUPREME DALEK:

(D) Who are you?

DOCTOR:

Oh. You'll know soon enough.

SUPREME DALEK:

(D) You will identi-

THE DOCTOR KILLS THE COMMS LINE.

PERI:

You knew they'd do that, didn't you?

DOCTOR:

I had an inkling.

PERI:

Keeping your hands nice and clean.

DOCTOR:

I had to do something. If Moira had won, the damage to the timeline—

PERI:

That's alright, because nothing's changed. (BITTER) Least of all you.

DOCTOR:

And what would you have me do? Have Moira and her Elite march across the galaxy, claiming it as their own? Exterminating anyone in their path.

PERI:

What makes it your choice?

DOCTOR:

You have no idea, have you? Even after all this time. I had the chance once, to wipe the Daleks out for good. To stop their very creation.

PERI:

(WRONG-FOOTED) Well, why didn't you?

DOCTOR:

The Daleks are evil. But they exist. It's not for the likes of me to sign their death certificate. Or for the likes of Moira to take their place.

A KLAXON SOUNDS

PERI:

Is that what I think it is?

DOCTOR:

More Daleks.

PERI:

And they'll be here soon?

THE DOCTOR PRESSES BUTTONS.

DOCTOR:

They must find nothing of the research. Best they think all this is a failure and leave well alone.

PERI:

Think that'll happen?

DOCTOR:

They'll return to it in future. Infiltrators. Replicants. It's a matter for history, but not yet. I just need to wipe all the records from the datanet, including any mention of visiting Doctors...

PERI:

Then what?

DOCTOR:

Dangerous things, Dalek power systems. Liable to overload.

PERI:

When given a helping hand.

DOCTOR:

You read my mind.

A WHINE DEEP IN THE BASE AS THE GENERATORS BUILD.

DOCTOR:

There!

PERI:

Now what?

DOCTOR:

The transolar disc bays, come on.

PERI:

You're kidding me.

DOCTOR:

You know, I've always wanted to fly one.

HE RUNS FROM THE ROOM, PERI FOLLOWING. CROSS TO:

120: INT: TRANSOLAR DISC BAY

THE DOCTOR RUNS UP AND JUMPS ON A TRANSOLAR DISC. THE WHINE IS NEAR CRITICAL.

PERI:

Still not happy about this.

DOCTOR:

Peri, this entire facility is mere rels away from exploding. So unless you can suggest an alternative? A flying carpet, perhaps?

PERI:

(STEPPING ON) Alright. Sarcastic.

DOCTOR:

Then hold on!

HE FIRES THE TRANSOLAR DISC. IT ROCKETES INTO THE AIR. PERI GASPS AND GRABS THE RAIL.

DOCTOR:

Going up, up and away...!

... AND AS THEY FLY OFF: THE DALEK BASE EXPLODES. FADE.

121: EXT. HEATH

FADE UP. RECOVERY VEHICLE REVVING, TYRES SLIPPING IN MUD. KYLE IS USING IT TO PULL THE TARDIS OUT OF THE MUD. THE DOCTOR AND PERI WATCHING ON.

DOCTOR:

Nearly there, Mr Inskip. Bit more!

PERI:

More!

KYLE:

(GRUMBLING) You'll drag me down with it...!

REVS ENGINE HARDER. SUCKING NOISE.

DOCTOR:

... and out of the mud she comes!

TARDIS PULLED FREE OF THE MUD. AS KYLE PULLS IT A FEW METRES:

PERI:

She's going to need hosing down.

DOCTOR:

Oh, the old girl is as tough as old boots.

PERI:

Yeah, only she looks like old boots now.

KYLE KILLS ENGINE. EXITS CAB.

DOCTOR:

Thank you very much, Mr Inskip. I can't tell you how grateful I am.

KYLE:

Never mind grateful. (GRABBING DOCTOR) Now you tell me, Doctor: where's my bike?

DOCTOR:

Ah. Yes. About, er, twelve miles that-a-way?

KYLE:

What, by the Dalek refinery?

DOCTOR:

Fancy a second-hand trans-solar disk in exchange? One careful owner?

KYLE:

Why, I oughta—

DOCTOR:

Alternatively: inside my police box, I do happen to have a caseful of whiskey... purely medicinal, for emergencies only.

KYLE:

Whiskey, eh? — Good stuff, is it?

DOCTOR:

I'm no connoisseur, but I've heard Altairean whiskey described as the finest measure in the four galaxies.

KYLE:

(RELEASING DOCTOR) Well, now. That'd be a civilized exchange, I'd say. — C'mon, then, get her open.

AS THEY WALK TO TARDIS:

KYLE:

So what happened, exactly, once you got to the refinery?

DOCTOR:

We were saved.

PERI:

By Moira Brody.

KYLE:

Never heard of her.

DOCTOR:

You will do. (STOPPING, AT DOOR) She didn't just save us, Kyle. She saved you all.

PERI:

The Daleks were planning to convert everyone into Robomen.

KYLE:

Everyone in Scotland?

DOCTOR:

(OPENS DOOR) In the world. She stopped it. — Look, I need to

pop in here a moment. Peri, tell Mr Inskip all about Moira Brody, will you?

PERI:

Are you sure?

DOCTOR:

As we discussed. Quite sure. (DISAPPEARS INSIDE)

KYLE:

Where is she now then? This Moira?

PERI:

Still out there, fighting the good fight. Trying to bring about the end of the Daleks. Do me a favour, will you, Mr Inskip?

KYLE:

Aye, what's that?

PERI:

Tell everyone. Your friends. Your family. Anyone who'll listen. Tell them that Moira Brody's on her way. Tell them that she's their salvation.

KYLE:

Aye, maybe I will.

DOCTOR:

(REAPPEARS AT DOOR, CAREFUL OF CHINKING BOTTLES) ... There you go, Mr Inskip. One entire caseful of Altairean whiskey, as promised. The good stuff.

KYLE:

(DELIGHTED) *Slainte!*

DOCTOR:

We'll be off now.

KYLE:

Where?

PERI:

In the box, of course.

KYLE:

You're off your heads. (TURNS AND WALKS AWAY)

DOCTOR:

(CALLING AFTER) Don't forget. Moira Brody. Tell the world!

PERI:

You're sure you're OK with that, Doctor?

DOCTOR:

Absolutely. Altairean whiskey: rotgut to an Altairean. To humans, as non-alcoholic and reviving as the water from a Highland spring.

PERI:

No, I meant – telling him about “Moira Brody, the great saviour”.

DOCTOR:

Kyle will tell the others. With luck, they'll tell more. Before long, the name Moira Brody will be on everyone's lips. The great hope. The new Rob Roy. (ENTERING TARDIS) Come on.

PERI:

(FOLLOWING HIM) Rob who?

DOCTOR:

(INSIDE) Oh, now there's a story I could tell you...

DOOR SHUTS. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

END